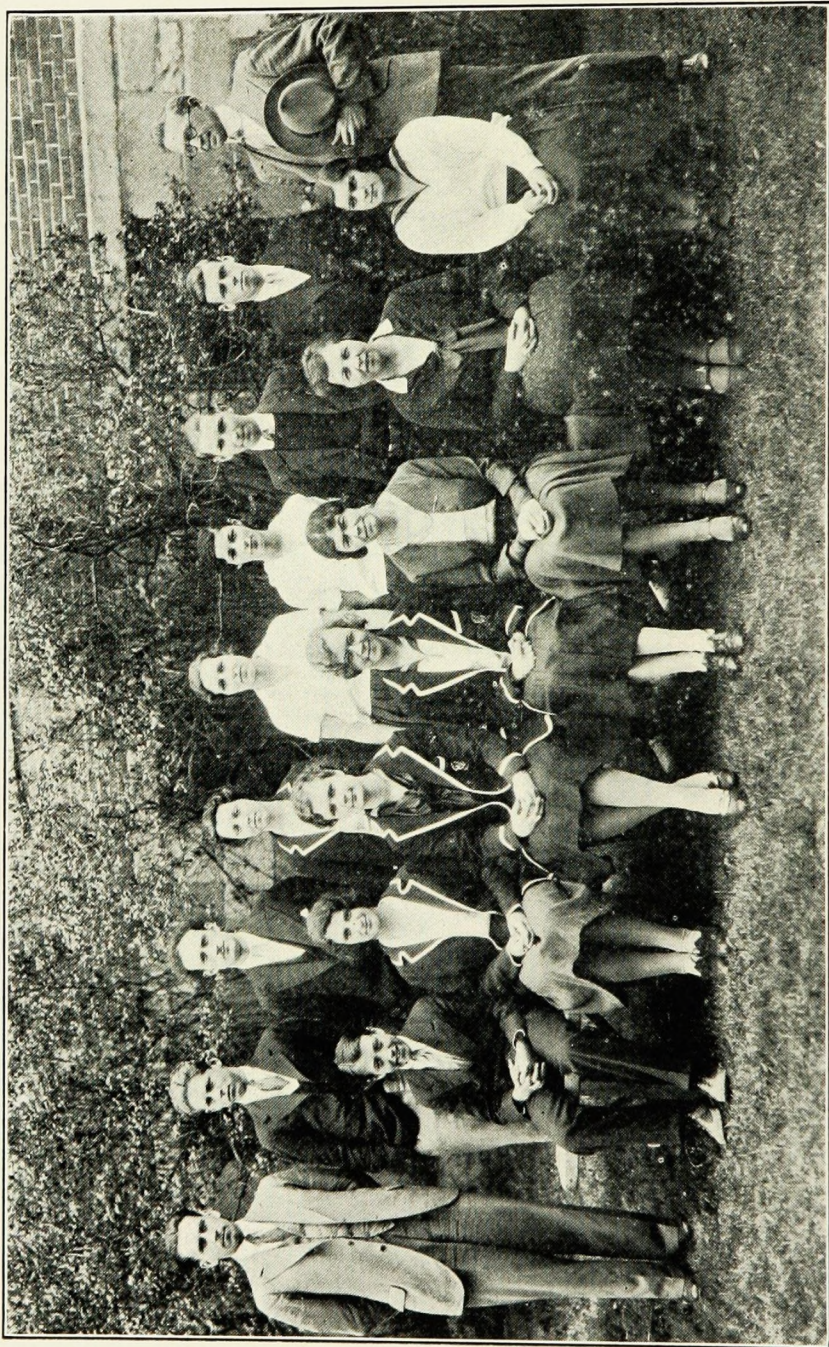


STANSTEAD-COLLEGE

ANNUAL

1931



EDITORIAL STAFF

Seated Left to Right—C. Thatcher, Miss F. Bindman, Miss M. Murray, Miss E. Duff, Mrs. G. Clark
Miss E. McFadden, Miss M. Bey.

Standing Left to Right—Mr. A. P. Gordon, John LeBreton, Ivor Thomas, Miss J. Brown, Miss K. Morrill
Miss E. Aranoff, Geo. Belyea, W. K. Falls, Mr. J. D. Fadyen.

To The Late Rev. T. B. Moody

M. A., S. T. D., D. Th.

*Our beloved and much respected
Principal, whose hearty encourage-
ment and whose kindly help, we
all miss, this magazine is respect-
fully dedicated.*

THE NEW HEAD AND STAFF

Mr. Errol C. Amaron, B. A., B. D., and Mrs. Amaron are assuming the responsibilities of guiding the College as Principal and Lady Principal. The Trustees of the College are certainly to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. and Mrs. Amaron. Mr. Amaron has been both a student and teacher in S. W. C. and was very popular in both roles. He is personally acquainted with the field served and stands high in the estimation of many of the leading men in the province, especially the clergy. What he has done, particularly for sports, is well known. Mrs. Amaron, possessed of a charming personality, is equally fitted for her new responsibilities.

The policy of continuing the same personnel on the staff from year to year is certainly most desirable, especially when the services rendered are satisfactory. Mr. Amaron has followed this policy to a large degree and we are therefore pleased to report that there are few changes on the staff this year.

The teachers moving on to other fields of labor are: from the Academic Department, Mrs. G. Clarke, B. A., who was also Dean of Girls; Mr. G. K. McMillan, B. A., Dean of Boys, and Mr. J. D. Campbell, B. A., Mathematical Master; in the Music Department, Miss M. Murray, Expression Teacher; in the Bugbee Business College, no changes; Holmes Memorial School, Miss Thyra Parker, teacher of Grade IV.

To supply these vacancies, Mrs. Moody becomes Dean of Girls, Mr. Gerald H. Dixon, of McGill, Dean of Boys; Mr. D. J. F. Scott, B. A., McGill, Academy Headmaster; Mrs. Scott, to succeed Mrs. McGilton as Matron of the Annex; in the Holmes Memorial, Miss Ada M. Wilson of Danville school takes over Fourth Grade. All these additions to the staff have had experience and come very highly recommended.

There are bells that make us happy,
There are bells that make us blue,
There are bells that always steal the sunshine
When they say our sleeping time is thru',
There are bells that really have a meaning,
When they're ringing out a fire alarm,
But the bells that make us all so happy
Bring our vacations just full of charm.

The bells of Old Stanstead, Oh! hear they are calling
The new boys, the new girls,
Who come from afar,
So now pals of past years,
Keep us in your heart,
The College bells shall ring for us,
Though we are apart.

Stanstead College Annual

Published at Stanstead, P. Q., by the Annual Committee

Editor-in-Chief, EILEEN DUFF

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Vol. XXIX

STANSTEAD, QUE.

JUNE, 1931

EDITORIAL

"Unity is Strength" is a well-known phrase but seldom does one see it followed. The proverb must have been first uttered by someone in a boarding school for there is no place where the application of this saying is more necessary than in an institution of this kind.

A spirit of co-operation with the efforts put forth by the staff and trustees; loyalty to the principles of our Alma Mater are essential. While through it all must run an undercurrent of school spirit that will enable us to fight a winning battle against the competitive element which exists in all mankind.

Thus the school spirit entertained by the student body and faculty, alike, lays the foundation of a path to the common goal, a successful school year. This school spirit endows us with a will to do and dare anything that will make our dear old college progressive and character building. It gives the desire to excel on the athletic field, not just because of the personal glory we can thus obtain, but because of the honor we can bring to our school. It is that that makes our supporters go home with aching throats, but joyous hearts. Such a school spirit gives to the community the initiative spirit in all its movements; for school spirit when defined is, after all, only the deep-rooted love we bear our Alma Mater and that which makes us want to see Stanstead mount with leaps and bounds until she soars to the heights of the stars.

Now let us take this school spirit and mould it into our everyday thinking and doing. Let it be the initiative for the thought that prompts the action. May we understand that to have the true school spirit we must carry it into every enterprise that we undertake, even from the

turning out of supporters to athletic events to the partaking heartily in vesper service, yes, and even in the very classroom itself.

The prime object of Stanstead is to help the students gain knowledge and to build character—but, we must make the effort to help ourselves first of all. "Those are helped who help themselves," is an adage old but true. If anyone shows the desire to succeed they will be given the necessary aid. Don't let us wait until we are spoon fed, for you know "there's many a slip twixt spoon and lip" and some of us might find that we were left without assistance of any kind.

If a chain is as strong as its weakest link, then a boarding school is as strong as its individual student. Who would wish it to be said of them that they were the weak link in the chain that binds S. W. C. together?

Use your school spirit to strengthen your own ability. And as your strength is, so shall the strength of Stanstead be. To you who are returning next year, may you be fired with the desire for this school spirit which shall build a stronger Stanstead. To those who are going out, may you cherish your school spirit and may it give to you a fond memory which you shall always keep of our Alma Mater.

Eileen Duff.

THOMAS BENJAMIN MOODY, M. A., S. T. D., D. Th.

1885-1930

I

November the fifth, nineteen-thirty, was a sad day at Stanstead College. Early that morning word went round the halls and was sent from room to room that just before midnight the evening previous, Dr. T. B. Moody, the principal of the College, had passed away. For some time his health had not been as robust as usual and he and Mrs. Moody had gone abroad during the summer with the hope that in so doing he might fully recover. The trip was beneficial, and upon his return an improvement was evidenced. Moreover, he had consulted a specialist while in England who had given him reason to believe that with care many more days might be his. Indeed, the day before his passing he had walked back upon the College Farm, a distance in all of a mile or more, to inspect some work which was being done there. The morning following he was again about his duties, and in the early afternoon was planning to take a class, when he was obliged to retire. That night at eleven-thirty he was no more. He died as he would have wished, at the end of a day's work.

II

Dr. Moody was born at Berwick-upon-Tweed, in the Old Land, June 12th, 1885. He was a son of the parsonage, a distinction which he coveted with becoming filial pride, and bore the name of his father, the late Rev. Benjamin Moody. When quite young he was left an orphan, and early entered industrial life. At about the age of twenty he came under

In Memoriam



Rev. Thomas B. Moody, M. A., S. T. D., D. D.

spiritual influences which profoundly affected his entire career; and soon became a lay preacher. In 1909 he made application for Mission Work in Newfoundland in connection with the Methodist Church in Canada. He was accepted, and served Twillingate, Fogo and Carbonear.

On the completion of his probation he proceeded to college in Montreal, where his keen mind and marvelous application soon disclosed themselves. A fellow student, the Rev. Gordon A. Sisco, says of Dr. Moody at that time, "As a student he was thorough and alert. Nothing was left to chance. His notes were synopsised and synopsised again until every aspect of a subject stood out clearly in his mind. He was equally proficient in all subjects, and invariably stood in the first division at examination time."

After graduation, in 1916, he was appointed to Maberly; and later served Birchton charge; Wesley Church, Beebe; and Centenary Church, Stanstead; from whence he entered Stanstead College, as principal, to do such distinguished work as an administrator, during the short period it was his to serve.

While at Birchton, in 1920, on March 9th, he was married to Elsie Milner, eldest daughter of John Milner of Nafferton, Yorkshire, England—a young lady he had met many years before and whose charms he never forgot. The marriage was ever regarded by him as ideal—for his wife became his counsellor and helpmeet in very truth.

III

The wealth of Dr. Moody's mind, his intellectual and academic achievements were the admiration and wonder of his brethren. The range of his knowledge was not only remarkable, the precision of his information was also impressive. This, however, was not accidental or due to prodigious endowment. The secret was that Dr. Moody was a worker—a conscientious and constant worker, and in all exercised a capacity for taking pains. Professor W. C. Graham (now of the University of Chicago, formerly of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, from which Dr. Moody graduated) says of him: "Looking back over my contacts with Dr. Moody I think that the quality of his character which impressed me most was the extraordinary orderliness and neatness of the man's habits. He knew just what he had done and what remained for him to do to complete any task. Because of this, conversation with him was always very satisfactory because he knew precisely what he wanted and never beat about the bush or talked in vague generalities or innuendoes." This is a most accurate estimation as I well know from my experience with Dr. Moody when we served as officials of Stanstead District, before the days of church union in 1925. His records were not only in good form, but he knew ecclesiastical procedure, and his opinions were always to the point and illuminating.

The Rev. Peter Pollitt has written very fittingly of Dr. Moody's academic achievements: "Think of it, he came out of college without a degree, for he took the straight course in theology without a degree attached. Yet such a student was he that all through his work on his charges, and during his summer vacations, he maintained his studies to

the limit—ay, and beyond the limit. With this result, that in the fifteen years from leaving college to his death he had taken the degrees of M. A., B. D., S. T. D., and D. Th. An amazing record in academic work.”

It is not necessary to speak further of Dr. Moody's academic acquirements. He had a bachelor's degree in arts which I have not mentioned; and twice he secured doctorates by dint of hard work. In his S. T. D. he joined the small and distinguished group who earned their doctorates under the charter of the old Wesleyan Theological College, now merged in the United Theological College, Montreal. As one of that group, Dr. Moody's name must ever be mentioned with those of C. W. Squires, John Line, Lorne A. Pierce, H. W. Outerbridge, C. W. Topping, and the rest. Yet of none of them is it more fitting to say than it was of him: *Labor omnia vincit*.

IV

It is not easy to estimate the loss to Stanstead College occasioned by Dr. Moody's untimely death. During his short term as principal he had improved the College farm buildings to the extent of \$9000, leaving all clear of debt. Dr. G. E. Read, the chairman of the College Board, says: "Dr. Moody had dreams for the future of the College. . . . He believed that it would be possible to make the College a center of general culture and agricultural education, an institution in which the boys and young men of the Eastern Townships might be trained to appreciate the possibility of combining the distinctively cultural side of life with a thorough practical training for farming. In this way, he believed it would be possible to arrest the exodus from the farm and raise the standard of life in its mental outlook for those who might choose to follow their fathers' calling. Dr. Moody had taken steps to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of others in the realization of this dream, and had received a gratifying measure of encouragement. Whatever may be the outcome, there can be little doubt but what he had grasped a very vital need in our educational programme." No man is in a better position to speak this word than is Dr. Read, because of his long residence in the Townships and his long acquaintance with Stanstead College.

Other than this, the name of Dr. Moody is sure to cling about two achievements—the internal economic capacity he demonstrated the College to possess for self-containedness; and the extension of Holmes Model School, with the scheme of consolidation it carried with it, affecting four rural schools in the vicinity.

V

In what I have written I have elected to let others speak in large part concerning my great friend. Moreover, I am anxious that others should bear witness, as well as myself, to his great worth and to our irreparable loss. The assembling of the material has been indeed a labor of love and devotion. This done, it may be permissible for me to add a personal note. On September 1st, 1926, Dr. Moody wrote me concerning the death and funeral of another great friend of the College, Dr. J. C. Colby. Of the funeral he said, "I conducted it as I should like my

own conducted (which, by the way, should it occur with you conveniently near, I should wish you to perform as a last service to me). The service was brief, with a short address emphasizing the positive belief I have in a life of further opportunity for service" On the 10th of the same month and year I wrote Dr. Moody praying a similar service, should my call come first. Our many friends will readily appreciate my feeling when early on the morning of November 5th, 1930, I received the following telegram: "Dr. Moody passed away this evening. Mrs. Moody would like you to come as soon as possible. Funeral service Friday afternoon. Please come prepared to conduct same." When I arrived at Stanstead I found that Dr. Moody, thoughtful and faithful as ever, had mentioned this in his will, written in 1925, and therein requested that I give "A short sane address on 'Some Modern Grounds for a Belief in Immortality.'" This I based upon John 14: 19, 20.

The funeral was held in Centenary Church and was conducted by Revs. G. Morris, pastor; W. H. Thomas, chairman of Quebec-Sherbrooke Presbytery; Dr. G. E. Read, chairman of the College Board; A. T. Jones, and the writer. Six brother ministers acted as bearers. The spacious and beautiful building, in which his voice was so often heard, was filled to overflowing with mourning brethren, students and friends.

In his passing Dr. Moody leaves one brother, James H. Moody, residing in England; his brave and sorrowing wife, and a host of brethren and friends, among whom, it need not be added, the writer was honored with a very intimate place.

Dr. Moody was great as a pastor and preacher; greater, if possible, as a scholar and an administrator; but greatest of all as a companion and friend to those who really knew him and appreciated him. His early passing is a real loss to our religious and educational life and it is greatly to be regretted that he was not more widely known during his lifetime.

Henry Mick.

THE PROBLEM OF LEISURE

When one who began his studies at Stanstead College more than fifty years ago is asked to write something for the "Magazine," it is inevitable that he should look backward. Whether he is to be pardoned for doing so is another matter, but he cannot help instituting contrasts of one kind or another between past and present. The temptation to indulge in personal reminiscence I shall avoid; but I can do none other than to institute some kind of contrast—striving not to be invidious, and hoping, in some small degree, to be suggestive.

It would be very easy and very unprofitable to list fifty things of varying importance which make the world of today superficially different from the world of fifty years ago, and a much smaller list could be made of the things which have brought about a difference that is more than superficial. I shall, however, concentrate attention upon one only.

It was the curse of Adam that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. We have come to hear a good deal during the past century

about the dignity of labour—particularly in the sense that one can work with his hands and still be a gentleman. But although many, if not most, people are more happy and less harmful when they are engaged in some routine occupation than when their time is all their own, it has been felt by most people at most times that work is a curse. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had for many years of his life been very laborious and who was always very religious, maintained vigorously that the value of work has been greatly overrated. And when Boswell asked him what we should do if we didn't have to work, Johnson replied that we should get along very happily by amusing each other.

One can't press too far what Dr. Johnson said when he was in the midst of an argument, or when he was looking for a happy phrase, but he seems to have been quite sincere in maintaining that work for work's sake is not a particularly exalting occupation. He believed that all intellectual improvement arises from leisure, and the greater the extent to which people are emancipated from mere bread-and-butter toil, the happier and the more progressive the human race will be.

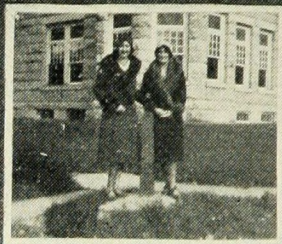
At the time when Dr. Johnson was expressing views of this character, mankind at large was forced to work very long hours to produce the necessities of life. That was a hundred and fifty years ago. But while Johnson was still in the prime of his powers and the literary autocrat of London, something happened which has had a profound effect upon the whole problem of work and leisure. In 1769 James Watt took out the first patent on his steam engine, and with this invention began the Industrial Revolution, which has had such a transforming effect upon the social life of all civilized countries.

It is not necessary here to sketch the progress of the Industrial Revolution—accompanied as it has been by those astounding inventions with which we are all familiar. The most spectacular of these inventions have been made during the memory of men now living, and there is no reason to think that the inventions of the next fifty years will be less astounding than those of the half century which is now closing.

The point which I wish to stress particularly is this. When I entered Stanstead College the normal length of a working day was ten hours. It is now 45 hours a week as against 60 hours then. Moreover, we are living in the midst of a great over-production. It has been made plain by the present depression that with the help of such machinery as now exists it is possible to produce all the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life, in a space of time far less than that which was required fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. What is to be done in such a situation? The new types of machinery are so efficient as to cause a glut of both commodities and goods—thus creating unemployment on a large scale and bringing down prices in all fields.

The outstanding single fact in economic life is that the work of the world can be done by the machine—by "the iron man"—in less than eight hours a day: in less than seven hours: in all probability in six hours or less. There will need to be vast adjustments in the field of organized industry to meet this condition, but it is not with the details of such an adjustment that we are concerned here. What I wish to emphasize is

THE
"STAFF STEPS OUT."



that those who are pursuing their studies at Stanstead College will, in all probability, have more leisure than those of us have had who were beginning our studies fifty years ago. What I have just said about the shortening of the hours of labour does not apply to the day laborer alone. It has just as much bearing upon the working programme of the "white collar" class. Unless there is some cataclysm due to social unrest—such a cataclysm as would put everything back a long way—there is every prospect that those who are now young will have much more leisure than their parents have had.

Indeed the pressing problem at present is not that of work but of leisure. What will be done with their spare time by the millions of those who will have far more of it than those of any previous generation? The commonest of all proverbs assures us that the Devil has superabundant mischief for idle hands. What is to be done about it? What preparation can be made by those who are beginning to shape the course of their lives, to enable them to become more serviceable and more truly happy than their predecessors?

One of the things which can be done is to cultivate some interest which is wholly unconnected with that getting and spending which, of necessity, makes up such a large part of life. How often it has happened in the past that enthusiasts have been prevented from following the line of their first preference by the fact that it did not hold out the prospect of a reasonably lucrative employment. In the time to come there will be a far finer field of opportunity for disinterested zealots in literature and science and art than there has ever been before. Those who are now young may look forward to having more leisure each day than was possessed by the contemporaries of Shakespeare, of Newton, of Watt, of Gladstone—more leisure to the extent of three or four hours a day. Indeed, the case can be put more strongly than that, for the future promises to hold out three or four times as much leisure as it was possible for those to have who worked ten hours a day.

In England there have always been a large number of people who, while working very hard indeed at their bread-winning tasks, have in some way or another managed to find time for the prosecution of useful and delightful hobbies. Every few years some Englishman who has never been at a university, or has had any educational advantages beyond those of the elementary school, comes forward with a contribution to pure science or to invention. The coming age will, I hope and believe, be one in which there will be greater scope than ever before for those who when young have been fortunate enough to discover a zeal for some disinterested line of effort, or an aptitude for some branch of learning, or a longing to follow up some fruitful investigation.

One of the best grounds for optimism which we elders can find when we turn towards the future, is that it will be a great time for enthusiasts to do those things which the enthusiasts of previous ages were prevented from doing, simply from want of leisure. If these added three or four hours a day, of which such a bright promise is now held out, should be dissipated without purpose, or squandered in following the line of least resistance, the world will have a multiplication of troubles. But I, for

one, am sufficiently hopeful to expect that those now young will begin to prepare themselves for the opportunities and responsibilities of leisure.

C. W. Colby.

ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY

Eileen Duff, June, 1931.

We have reached another milestone. For today, we, the graduates, stand on the verge of what is to us a new phase of life.

Progression and development has been the keynote of our lives thus far in our journey; but hitherto, we have passed through only the preparatory stages and education is the password to what lies beyond.

To have this education complete, many things should be included, for who can tell what they will meet after this door opens and closes at the sound of the magic word? Should we not, therefore, be prepared for any occasion that may arise?

It has been said that education is that which is left when we have forgotten all we have learned. We made a start by first learning the three fundamental "R's." Then our capacity for book knowledge grew until we learned history, from which we gained a knowledge of the past and an augury of the future and the geography of various countries which to a large extent determines the national characteristics and pursuits. Science and higher mathematics then took their place. Each subject has its own particular value, its individual purpose in the forming of our school curriculum. We cannot study mathematics too intensively and history not at all and expect at the same time to have a balanced ration. If in the gaining of book knowledge we must delve into each phase of learning, then how much more should we delve into every factor that is offered us in the field of education in its broader sense.

If the term, education, is considered to be the faculty for cultivating the brain power, it ought also to be taken as a field for the development of character. Thus, we should take education to be not merely the acquiring of book knowledge, but to be a fuller term that with a wide sweeping arm includes such things as music, beauty, oratory, religion, the power of clear thinking, athletics and friends. Then we will find formation of an individual personality must come from the molding together of these fundamental subjects.

Each one plays a definite part in our lives, each one forms a distinct side to the polygon that is our character. Music is to the character what soul is to the human life. Shakespeare says, "The man that has no music in his soul nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Let no such man be trusted." Surely music must have been meant by God to play an important part in the universe for He, Himself, first put it into the heart of mankind through the song of the birds, the bubbling of the brook, and through the whistling of the wind. Let us then incorporate into our lives the love and appreciation of music that is its due worth.

To those of us gaining an education at Stanstead it hardly seems necessary to question the advisability of including beauty into our broader education. For on looking around us, it is easy to say, "All is beauty." We never tire of looking off to the distant hills and seeing a gleam of silver nestling at the foot of them. They are never the same, but each day they show to us a different aspect, a varied view of their majestic personalities. Stanstead is endowed with the rich gift of beauty. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and long after we have passed on to other scenes and other beauties, we will see again the hills, the valleys, trees, and sunsets beyond compare, which it has been our privilege to revel in.

Another phase that ought to concern all of us is oratory—the power of self-expression. So often an emotion, a feeling or thought wells up within us, but we are unable to give the outward show of the beauty that we inwardly feel. Surely this art ought to be stressed, for as Cicero says, "An eloquent man is he who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately." This saying in itself is a thing that all ought to be able to do, and if oratory is the way to this ability, surely the opportunity ought to be grasped.

In our many-sided character there ought to be a place for religion. It is this that can lift us above the common everyday things until we see God in all that is around us. If we have faith in His divine sovereignty and power, we can then be assured that we can conquer all things, and knowing this, we can delve into the task at hand although it may seem nigh unto impossible, and in the end win out, with colors flying.

Often upon inquiring about the usefulness of certain subjects in the curriculum, we have been told that they were to develop our memory or to make us think. No matter what subjects in life we take, there must be thought behind it. Therefore, education helps give us this power of clear thinking. An idea is the birth of a thought; a thought, in turn, causes an action, so that everything that is done in the world is the result of someone's thought. Education, which gives us this power to think, is thus back of all the actions of the world.

Athletics must, of necessity, play a part in making up our character—for it is truthfully said that a sound body makes a sound mind. Not only this, but it is generally accepted that a person, who takes part in athletics, is one who plays fair and square, who is keen and alive to all that goes on around him. An active body must cause an active mind.

Now we come to another vital necessity in the formation of character, our friends. In a boarding school such as this, we come in contact with many people during the course of the year, and we show the influence of their lives upon us. Friends are infinitely necessary to our lives and they, as much as any other thing, do a lot to the forming of our characters. The following quotation is apt, "Friendship is the best college that character can graduate from; believe in it, seek it and when it comes, keep it sacredly."

And thus we come to another convocation at Stanstead. Stanstead—where all elements have combined together to give us this broader educa-

tion, and a chance for a fuller life. Somehow to us, the graduates, this day means so much more than it ever did before. There are those among us who have been present at other convocations at Stanstead, but never before did it mean to them the end of their life here.

In amongst the gaiety which this period always brings with it is a little note of sadness. For we can but feel regrets when we realize that we are turning a corner around which mystery lies and that we are leaving behind us the friends we have made, the joys we have shared, and the confidences which have been ours. But we can all be thankful for the divine gift of memory which will bring all these thoughts at some distant time again before our inward eye.

To our beloved principal and the staff, we leave our appreciation for your splendid efforts on our behalf. We regret that in some instances we failed to measure up to your expectations, but we assure you that we will always carry with us the remembrance of your kindness and never-failing help.

To you, our schoolmates, whose friendship means so much, we extend our highest hopes for your success. In a boarding school friends mean such a lot to each and every one of us; we hope you have enjoyed our friendship as much as we have appreciated yours, for, so often we have received the necessary help and inspiration from you that has enabled us to carry out our position of seniors as best befits us.

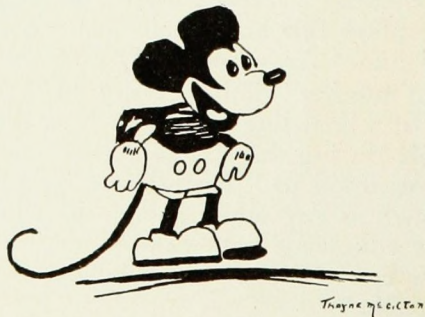
To you, the members of the trustee board, we give our thanks for your persistence in the belief of Stanstead's possibilities. Your faith in so tremendous a task is a guide to us to show our faith in little things.

So to Stanstead, glorious in its beauty, thoughtful in its instruction, abundant in its friendships, helpful always, challenging as to high and better things, we bid a sad, but loving farewell. VALE DICTUM.

Jimmy quoting chemistry law: The volume of a given quantity of anything—.

Mr. Gordon in a disgusted tone: Don't say "anything" Jim.

Jim, resignedly: The volume of a given quantity of nothing—.

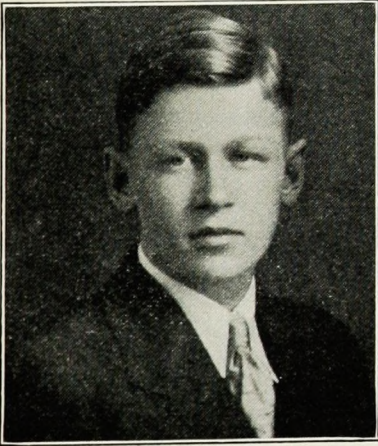


THE ACADEMY

GRADE XII

To avoid dazzling the other members of the school, which the arrival of so many celebrities would necessarily have caused, Grade XII was compelled to arrive at different times this year. The honored members arrived in the following order: Mr. Elton R. Pounder, on time as usual; a week later Mr. Gordon Badger crept silently into the college life. Later the well-known Mr. W. Stockwell introduced his radiant presence for one day, this being all Stanstead could stand. About a month later the quietness of the college life was disturbed by the arrival of Mr. William K. Falls, taking his time as usual. The college life passed quietly, until Easter; then to break the monotony, that eminent scientist, Mr. Donald Boyd, arrived in our midst. Farewell to peace and quietness.

Mr. Badger of Knowlton was unfortunately forced to leave at Thanksgiving on account of his health, to the great sorrow of everyone. Little is known of his past life, as by his early departure we had little time to delve into the secrets of his marvelous success as—a farmer.

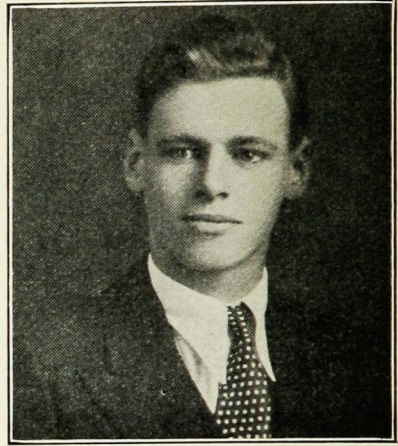


The noteworthy Mr. Pounder brightened the world by his arrival in Montreal, January 10, 1916. At the early age of two he commenced his roamings over the North American continent by moving his home to Boston, Mass. In the following order, he has dwelt at Montreal again, Chesterville, Ont., Boston once more, and is now residing for a while at Asbestos, Quebec. It is rumored that at the age of three he commenced to play with slide-rules, integrators and adding machines, and now he hopes to rise to greater heights than ever reached before in the mathematical world. His favorite activities are track, tennis, and reading "Amazing Stories."

Mr. Donald Boyd is well known around these parts—sometimes too well. His life was rather uneventful for the first part of the year, which he spent at Mt. Allison, until he was forced to return home on account of sickness. However, he is now back at Stanstead and winning the hearts of all—the girls. His activities are everything in general and

nothing in particular. His ambition seems to be the world's greatest "uke" player.

Mr. William F. Falls—"K" not to be omitted—first saw the light of day in distant Scotland, November 23, 1912. At the age of seven he realized that Canada would be greatly benefitted by his presence and removed to St. Johns, Quebec. On his arrival at S. W. C. this year the school immediately showed their appreciation by bestowing upon him the honor of sitting on the ladies' side of the table in the dining room; taking his frank open face as an indication that the fair sex would not be at all endangered by his presence. His one shining ambition as featured by his actions, appears to be to find newer and better chords on the "uke," and if he keeps up the good work he may some day reach the high standard of Mr. Boyd.



Whistle, Snookie, whistle, and you shall have a horse,
No, Mother, no, because I think it's coarse.

Whistle, Snookie, whistle, and you shall have a sheep,
No, Mother, no, because I think it's cheap.

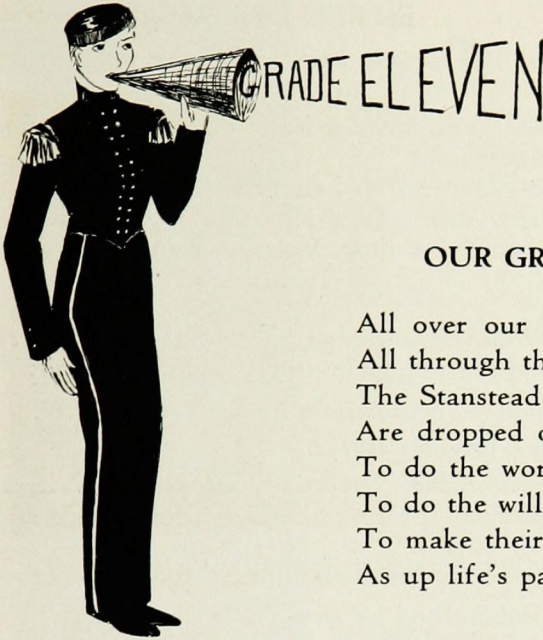
Whistle, Snookie, whistle, and you shall have a cow,
No, Mother, no, because I don't know how.

Whistle, Snookie, whistle, and you shall have a man,
Gee! Gosh! Golly! I just found out I can.

We just got a telegram from our son, Russell.
I suppose he's been expelled from college.
No. He wires that the football coach said hello to him this morning.

For those who don't really know the exact definition of a college paper, we submit the following: A college paper is an institution in which the editor gets all the blame, the business manager the experience, and the printer gets all the money!

Don't worry if women baffle Bill. Maybe everything will baffle him when he grows up and then he can be a detective.



OUR GRADUATES

All over our broad Dominion,
All through the southern land,
The Stanstead College scholars
Are dropped on every strand
To do the world a service,
To do the will of God,
To make their fellows happy
As up life's path they plod.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Grade XI held their first class meeting in November, 1930. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Mr. G. K. McMillan; President, Eileen Duff; Secretary-Treasurer, Alice Watson; Reporter, Kay Morrill; Prophecy Writer, Alice Watson.

The various members of the class have played a prominent part in College athletics. Edna Aranoff and Kay Morrill were on the basketball team. Hubert Morris and Mac Standish represented the class on the Rugby team, also on the basketball team. Jimmy Kinnon, Mac Standish and Bowman Hall upheld the class honours in track, helping Grade XI to win the inter-class track meet. On Inter-Scholastic Sports Day, these same three participated, helping S. W. C. on to victory. Bowman Hall received senior award for the most individual points.

Grades XI and XII are holding a dinner on May 30th, after which the other Academic grades are entertaining them at a dance. Taking everything into consideration, this year of '30-'31 has been a most successful year for Grade XI.

Alice Watson, Sec.-Treas.

I nearly walked off with a nifty coonskin at the cafe last night.
What happened?
When I got out on the sidewalk I found a college boy inside it.

The new song of the co-eds: "I owe everybody, I owe."



EILEEN DUFF

"Oh! She stands high in all the people's hearts."

Ambition—To write a book on "Why we do such things."

Hobby—Darning (when necessary).

Activities—Class President, Social Committee, Magazine Editor, Valedictorian.



ALICE WATSON

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

Ambition—To become a newspaper reporter.

Hobby—English essays.

Activities—Class Secretary, Prophecy Writer, Tennis.



BERYL STEWART

"Undisturbed by stress or hurry,
Inclined to work, but not to worry."

Ambition—That's the question.

Hobby—Grade XI poets.



KAY MORRILL

"Some think this world was made for fun and folly—
And so do I!"

Ambition—None.

Hobby—Mr. Gordon.

Activities—Basketball, Girls' Tennis Representative, Magazine Reporter.



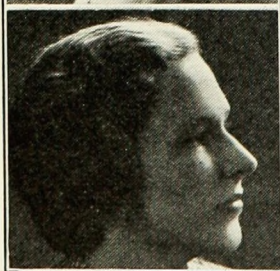
LILLIAN SINCLAIR

"Work and worry have killed lots of good girls,

So why should I take a chance?"

Ambition—To get to school on time.

Hobby—Coming in early—in the morning.



SYLVIA SOLES

"Just like a lily of the field,
She toils not, neither does she spin."

Ambition—To be a French specialist at S.W.C.

Hobby—Giggling.



EDNA ARANOFF

"What I learnt I have forgotten,
What I know I have guessed."

Ambition—To be a member of the Royal Academy.

Hobby—Drawing.

Activities—Magazine artist, Basketball.



CEDRIC EDSON

"I settle all things by intuition."

Ambition—To be a model scholar.

Hobby—Thinking—of what?



JAMES KINNON

"My only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

Ambition—To be poet laureate.

Hobby—Writing love lyrics to—?

Activities—Track and tennis.



MALCOLM STANDISH

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Ambition—To be the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Hobby—Women.

Activities—Rugby, Track, Basketball.

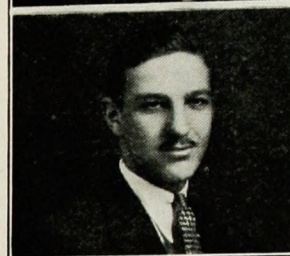


LEE HEATH

"Child; thou best philosopher."

Ambition—To be an author for "Amazing Stories."

Hobby—Finding obscure meanings for simple thoughts.

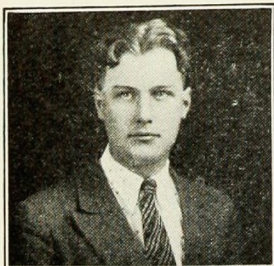


HORACE WOLFE

"His open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years is in them."

Ambition—To find a definite quantity for infinity.

Hobby—G. G. T.

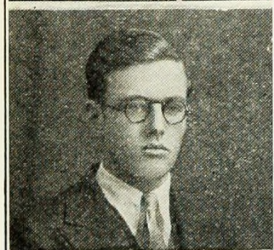


CLARKE LAWTON

"Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast."

Ambition—To be a man.

Hobby—Flirting.

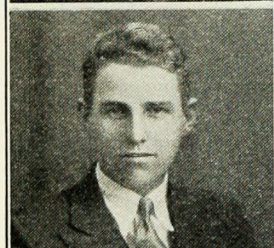


LAWRENCE MacKAY

"I was cut off from hope in this sad place."

Ambition—To get thru' Grade XI by 1935.

Hobby—Translating Cicero.

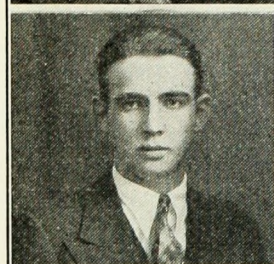


ALYMER HUNT

"Often a sprightly wit and tale well told."

Ambition—To build a tombstone with the inscription, "Hic latinum jacet."

Aversion: A fellow named Vergil.

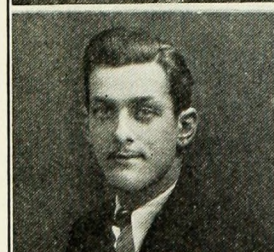


VERNER MILLER

"Being strong at heart, they sent me thither, Stranger as I am."

Ambition—To be owner of a "trained flea circus."

Hobby—Tap dancing.



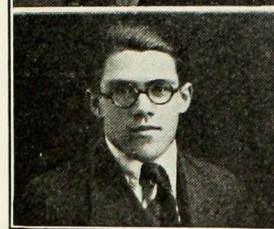
BOWMAN HALL

"I am the answer to a maiden's prayer."

Ambition—To get rid of his girlish dimples.

Hobby—Running.

Activities—Track.



HUBERT MORRIS

"For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth—I only speak right on."

Ambition—To be an animal trainer in the circus.

Hobby—Giving advice.

Activities—Track, Basketball, Rugby.

Last Will and Testament of Grade XI

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we, the undersigned, do declare and pronounce this to be our last will and testament, hereby cancelling all previous documents of a like nature, whereby we do will and bequest our property, real and unreal, personal and otherwise:

Article 1—To the staff, we bequest an appreciation of their untiring and kindly efforts. Also to be included a memory of the grade pupils.

Article 2—To Grade X we leave dignity (?) and the position of seniors; the promise of the necessity to work and the labours of matrics; and best of all we give to you our friendliness, our fun, the joy and companionship we've experienced together, and our co-operation.

Article 3—Our individual bequests are as follows:

We heard that Trick's blush was worn out from so much using, therefore, Jimmy has very kindly offered to leave his blush to Tricky.

Kay Morrill will have no further use for her sense of humor, so we leave it to be used at the discretion of Grade X.

Sylvia Soles kindly consented to leave her giggle to Millicent.

We bequeath the brain power of Alice Watson and Horace Wolfe to be distributed equally among the members of Grade X.

Article 4—To the school we give our promise to love and cherish the memory of our Alma Mater to uphold her standards and to keep her spirit alive as long as there is one of us remaining.

Let it be known and declared that we do appoint Noah Lott to be our sole executor.

Signed,

Class of 1931.

This was written and signed in the presence of

Sel Dombizzy, Notary.

GRADE XI CLASS PROPHECY

In this century of progress we feel that we have left the age of the witch and fortune teller far behind. We smile as we read how our forefathers used to while away the long winter evenings around the fireside, telling each other of strange and terrible things; the ravages of the wire-wolf, and the curse of the evil eye. We think that we can well afford to make light of ghost and goblin. Yet I often wonder if there is not some foundation for these stories.

I can remember, as if it were yesterday, an incident which goes far in proving that there are things in life reaching beyond the realms of science. I was visiting one of the larger cities in search of work and through carelessness I lost my way. Toward evening I found myself standing before a large tenement house in one of the filthiest quarters of the city. Over one of the doors this sign was nailed:

Dr. Tchernaiiff,

Who can unfold the past or future and read your every thought.

Business hours: 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

How that last phrase struck me, "And read your every thought." It brought Miss Godue to my mind and grade eleven came trailing in after her as they were wont to trail into the French room in the days of yore, using a poetical expression. I rang the door bell without giving the matter a second thought and was received by a gaunt, black-haired, bewhiskered mystic. "My friend," he said, "have you come to have the past laid before you? Would you like to see the actions of your ancestors in the days of long ago?" "No," I declared fervently. "I know enough of them already. One was hanged on Gallows Hill, at Tyburn, for stealing sheep; another was transported to a penal colony, and great-great-grandfather Ezekiel crossed the ocean as a stowaway. I do not want to know any more. Let the dead rest, but transport me into the future for a few hours."

At this he offered me a pill about the size of a marble and told me to swallow it. I shut my eyes and had him push it down my throat. The top of my head popped like a cork in a bottle of ginger ale. I seemed to whirl in a black void for ages, until suddenly things were fitted back into their proper places.

I stood blinking in the bright sunlight, before a butcher's shop. I entered to escape the heat of the sun, and found the proprietor lost in the contemplation of a ham, which was hanging over the window. There was a deep spiritual air about the man, as though his soul had been purified of all worldliness in its contact with sausage and pork chops. His face seemed vaguely familiar, suddenly I remembered. "Ye ashes of my ancestors!" It was Hubert Morris! How glad we were to see each other! How we had changed! "You know," he said smiling wistfully, "I intended to be a doctor. However, after I had performed my first three operations, the doctors advised me to be a butcher, as my skill lay in that direction, and I have followed their advice.

"I tell you," he continued, "some of the youngsters you and I knew are getting into high society. Look at this."

Thus saying, he handed me the semi-annual report of the "Society for the Promotion of International Generosity," a section of which read as follows:

"The semi-annual meeting of the Society for the Promotion of International Generosity was highly successful. The president, Mrs. Eileen —, better known in the social circles of our city by her maiden name, Miss Duff, formally opened the meeting with a few well-chosen words, which won the hearty applause of the entire audience. She also introduced a motion which would provide waist-coats and felt hats for the children of Siberia. In this she was ably seconded by Sir Horace Wolfe, famed in medical circles of both England and America as the inventor of the electric hot-water bottle. Sir Horace has been carrying out a personal investigation in the above mentioned area, and in a vivid manner demonstrated the shocking condition of the children of that country. He finally proved to the satisfaction of the entire assembly that the

society would be obliged to adopt drastic measures, in order to live up to its name and high ideals.

"The meeting was then adjourned and the semi-annual banquet was held. This also proved to be as great a success as any of our well-wishers could desire. Mr. Hunt, who has been touring America, lecturing on ancient languages, gave a delightful outline of the development of the Latin language and read a Chinese poem, composed by himself. Mr. Lawton, who has engaged in catching and domesticating atoms at his summer home in Tomifobia, held the audience spellbound, while he spoke on the peculiar nature of the atom."

"Can you beat that," I cried, "and to think that we went to school with them!"

Suddenly there was a buzzing in my ears, as if a whole flock of electric dynamos had installed themselves in my head. A lion was roaring in a cage nearby and someone was shouting, "This way. Ladies and gentlemen, this way."

Where had I heard that voice before? Yes! It was Hall, actually Hall. "How have the mighty fallen!" but it was a different Hall, a more matured Hall. At school I had always felt that he was lacking some feature to make him the perfect man. Now I realized what that feature was. It was his moustache. It had matured, and grown to magnificent proportions. It had a firm, comfortable look, as though it knew that there was a man behind it and that it was rooted in rock.

"Right this way. Ladies and gentlemen, right this way. Come and see the lady stick her head in the lion's mouth. Watch her climb into a trunk, with her feet sticking out at one end and her head at the other and then just watch us saw that trunk in two. Absolutely no fake. Ten bucks down to anyone who can discover a flaw in this act."

Ah! That was a clever guarantee. I entered in the hope of winning the money. At the moment of my entrance the lady was in the trunk and two gentlemen were industriously engaged in sawing it in two. At length the trunk fell apart, and who should stick her head up, but Sylvia. I almost fainted but managed to speak to her, though in a rather feeble tone.

"Hello," she cried, "where have I seen your moniker? Oh yes! It was at S. W. C. Watch me stick my head in the lion's mouth."

When she was almost on the verge of slipping down his throat she drew back and winked. "Do you know what Edna's gone and done?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"She has gone and got married. Isn't that just like Edna?"

"Hump!" I answered, "and what are Beryl and Lillian doing?"

"They are supposed to be running a beauty parlour, but they aren't getting much trade because they haven't the time to fool with customers. Lillian works on Beryl's face in the forenoon and Beryl works on Lillian's in the afternoon. I must say that they are making a glorious mess of the business, and of their faces, too, for that matter."

"And what has become of Verner Miller, and Lawrence Mackay and all the rest of the old gang?" I asked.

Here Sylvia blushed, and smiled coyly. "Why," she answered, "I haven't heard from Verner lately. I hope he hasn't committed suicide. The poor boy proposed to me about a year ago. Of course I valued my career far higher than his love and had to refuse him. Poor boy! It quite broke his heart. The last I heard of the poor dear he was hunting orang-outangs in North Borneo, with nothing but a walking stick."

"And what of Jimmy?" I asked, trying to turn her mind from that dismal subject. "Oh, he is still in the dry goods business," she answered, "but he takes a deep interest in the Stewart-Sinclair Beauty Parlor. You know I suspect—" Here I nipped this flower of information in the bud by inquiring after Lawrence. "He is married," she said, "and what that poor man goes through would melt a heart of stone. He hardly dares claim his soul as his own. Why, last spring when I paid them a visit—" "Oh! You have said enough," I cried. "Tell me of Kay. She was a cheerful soul." "Kay is a grandmother now," she answered. "A grandmother!" I cried. "Why certainly she is a grandmother. She married a man fifty years her senior. The old walrus had been married three times before. They say that he has the constitution of an ox, and will live at least twenty years longer. Why she hasn't poisoned that old man before now is more than I can see."

"You remember Alice? Well, she is still studying, and she is getting real tony lately, too. Why, only last fall I visited her in my circus togs and she actually had the nerve to show me the door."

"By the way, I heard that Mac Standish is supervising the digging of a tunnel under the Mediterranean. He would be doing something like that."

Suddenly while she was still talking I grew dizzy, and the noises of the street began to break in. I found myself standing before a shop window in one of the more fashionable quarters of the city. There stood within, a living—a breathing model, showing how all real gentlemen should dress. There was a little bald spot situated on the top of his head, which shone under the light. He was resplendent in a suit of evening clothes which matched the color of his side whiskers. His linen was spotless. The street scenes were reflected by his shoes. He was holding aloft a sign with these words on it, "Buy at DeVincent's—The home of fashionable clothes."

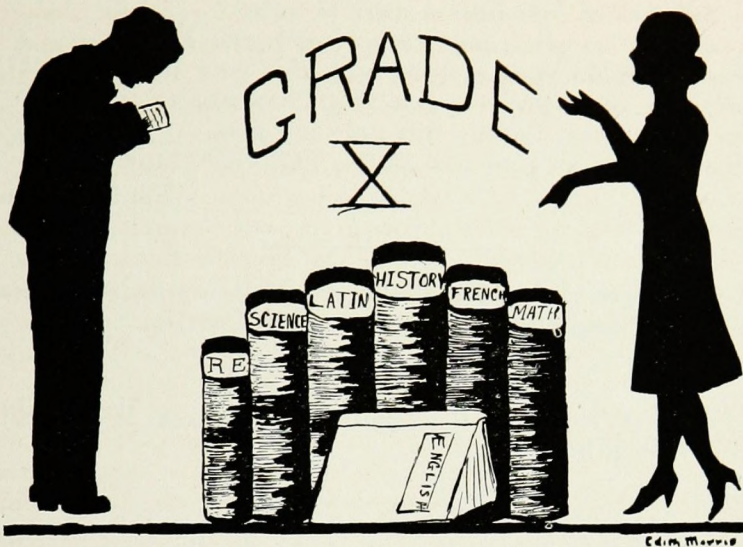
At first I could not see his face clearly, but when he had turned to admire himself in a mirror, I recognized him. It was Cedric—Cedric in flesh and blood.

I cannot tell what came after that. I seemed to fall to the street in a faint. Then I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Mr. Hackett (pointing out different jurisdictions of Provincial and Federal governments): "When two young people decide to get married, to whom must they first go?"

Hunt (in an undertone): "Her" father!

Eileen lying on her bed eating salted nuts, losing one, exclaims: Evy, somewhere on this bed a nut reposes.



Although this may not be wholly correct
 You can judge for yourselves the pitiful wreck
 Which folks call Grade X. We think we are fine,
 Yet the teachers all say, "They're the worst in the line!"

First, let's mention Elwin, "A jolly good fellow,"
 But he loves, sad to say, to giggle and bellow.
 Glen Brown, much like Elwin, likes dearly to play,
 And added to this, his mind's far away.
 From Frank's youthful lips such mighty words flow,
 A professor he'll be some day, we all know.
 George draws such cartoons of the class and himself
 As an artist some day he will make lots of pelf.
 Scott Kneeland is big, and is so dignified
 When he looks on us sternly we have to subside.
 Wally sits very still, with never a peep,
 And soon we know why—he has gone fast asleep.
 And now we'll consider the rest of the class,
 As we try to depict to you each lad and lass.
 Millicent Brennan is slim and ambitious,
 Though Isobel's shorter, she's ten times as vicious.
 Edith Belyea (excuse me for being so blunt),
 Is forced by the teachers to sit at the front.
 Ruby you know is a thoughtful child,
 Tho much provoked, she never gets riled.
 Elaine sits so calmly, and stares into space;
 She takes loads of time, she never will race.
 Evelyn is meek, and so very reserved
 That the noise she makes can scarcely be heard
 'Cause the rest drown her out in a flurry of fun.
 Hark! That is the sign that school has begun!

So think when you hear a terrible noise
 It probably comes from Grade X girls and boys.
 Now please do your judging with this your intention
 To judge very gently—neglecting to mention
 Our many great faults—this only my plea,
 When you're judging the others, FORGET little me,
Edith Morris.

And then there is the case of the poor fellow who got a shoe shine
 and then remembered he had his roommate's shoes on.

Mr. Hackett: In which of his battles was General Wolfe killed?
 Tricky: In—in his last.

Elwyn (lazily): Are you going to make that list any longer?
 Mr. Gordon (innocently): No, I'm just going to extend it a little.

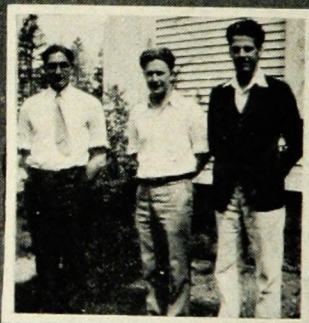
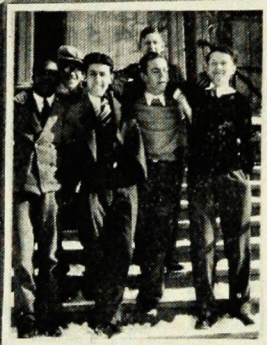
Mr. MacMillan: If you girls can't sit in those seats without making
 so much noise, I'll spread you all over the room.

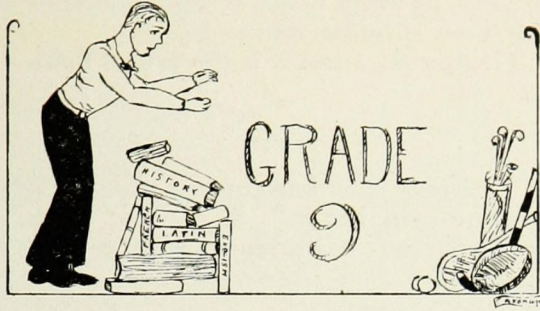
Grade X class prophecy: It will still be the same class in 1960.

The big problem on the boys' flats these days is to find a girl attrac-
 tive enough to please them and yet dumb enough to like them!

The perfume-at Christmas that Wallie sent
 Was highly displeasing to Millicent,
 Her thanks were so cold
 They've quarreled I'm told,
 Through the silly scent Wallie sent Millicent.

O, MLE what XTC,
 I always feel when UIC,
 I used to rave of LN's eyes,
 4 LC I gave countless sighs,
 4 KT, 2, and LNR,
 I was a keen competitor,
 But each one's now a non-NTT,
 4 U XL them all UC.





MISS TANNER'S VISIT TO GRADE IX

Tap, tap, tap,
Miss Tanner raps at the door,
Oh! I would that my teeth wouldn't chatter
And my French were not so poor.

Oh, well for the intelligent guy
Who answers his questions O. K.,
Oh, woe to the brainless one
Who cannot tell "Mais" from "et."

We all hold our breath as the questions flock by
And we wonder if ever they'll cease,
And goodness knows no wisdom is nigh
So all we can do is fail in peace.

Crack, crack, crack,
The door shuts and she is gone,
And the hundred per cents that most of us lack
Have vanished away like the dawn.

Marjorie Rudd.

VOYONS

"Voyons," oh how we love the word,
We hear it fifty times a day,
Recalling us from fancy gay
To hear what teacher has to say.

French isn't written in the air,
"Voyons," I'll see you after four,
If you don't come, there'll sure be war;
Oh, you're quite sure to study more
When you hear Miss Godue roar, "Voyons!"

Ruth: Mr. Campbell, how do you carpet a floor?
Mr. C.: Oh, it's quite a job.

Crisp: There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Miss Godue: Neither do I but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

Mrs. Clarke: "Jeffery, your handwriting is very bad indeed, you really ought to learn to write better."

"Yes," replied Jeff, "but if I were to write better people would be finding out how I spell."

Mr. Campbell: "Farley, name the different kinds of plains."

Preoccupied Farley: "Aeroplanes, sir."

Mr. Campbell: "Heat causes things to expand, cold makes them contract, now give me an instance."

Simp: "The holidays. In summer they last eight weeks, in winter, two."

Earle: "Do you know why we call our language the mother tongue?"

Helen: "No, why?"

Earle: "Because Father never gets a chance to use it."

Father: "Are you sure he's a college boy?"

Marjorie: "Why, yes, Father, he has a Yale key."

There was once a fair sheik,
Who made love to maidens so meek,
His name is not obscure,
But one thing's not sure,
Did his crushes last more than a week?
Guess who?

Marika: I am sure they gave us horsemeat for dinner.

Frances: What makes you think so?

Marika: Well, when I was going to swallow it I said, whoa, and it stopped in my throat.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
XXXXX ? ! ? X ? ! (???X!!) !!

GRADE VIII

The 1930-31 Grade Eight
Is very modern and up-to-date;
We always say just what we think,
As if we didn't care a wink.

Frieda tries to be so superior,
Everyone else feels quite inferior;
She's always at the head of the class,
No danger of her not getting a pass.

Frances is so taken up with her flame,
She doesn't do much, but she's not to blame;
For Earle sets her a sad example,
No one should take these as a sample.

Dorothy, sometimes known as "Dot,"
Is very disgusted when one makes a blot,
Anna is very, very quiet,
When we get a problem she's the first to try it.

Margaret Mac never has her lessons done,
But of it she tries to make a pun;
Then Mr. Gordon disgusted gets,
Among us all, he has no pets.

Margaret Jenkins her memory work always knows,
From her lips it freely flows;
Grammars are always lost by Ruth,
Ask Mr. Gordon if it isn't the truth.

George Beckel makes all the teachers laugh,
And Tommy's with him, half and half;
He's also the cartoonist of Grade Eight,
Funny Tommy, whom no one could hate.

Lawrence Shapiro came here late,
He thinks he looks like a fashion plate,
And perhaps he does, but if that's true,
Whatever can the rest of us do?

Gordon and Bob, you surely know,
Both have watches that certainly go,
They always tell the teachers the time,
Before the bell begins to chime.

You'd never know that Lawrence and Bill
Were anywhere near, they are so still!
George never pays very strict attention,
As for Sidney, he's still learning the first declension.

Jimmy's penmanship is so bad,
That Miss Godue declares she never had

A pupil before who could possibly make
Such scrawly letters on his slate.

These seventeen, along with me
Make up Grade Eight, so bold and free;
We'll all be in Grade Nine next year,
Oh yeah? Don't believe all that you hear!

Eighth year isn't such a bad old grade,
Even if slow progress she has made,
At each staff meeting, so they say,
We're getting worse and worse each day.
Miss Murray thinks there's still some hope,
But some of us she'd like to choke,
Miss Godue thinks we're all behind,
And sometimes wonders if we're not blind,
Mr. Hackett, Bonus Vir,
Tells us that our minds aren't there;
Mr. Campbell thinks: I'll tell you what,
That there is somewhere a very weak spot;
Mr. Gordon, our teacher of grammar,
Gradually knocks it in with a hammer.
Even with all these desperate times,
They say it's generally broadening our minds.

R. K.

Mr. Gordon entering room: Order. Order!
Absent-minded Tommy: Egg sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Mr. MacMillan: Give me a quotation from the Bible.
Bob: Judas went and hanged himself.
Mr. Mac: Another?
Bob: Go thou and do likewise.

Mr. Campbell, putting a half-dollar on the table when testing class:
What's that?
Instantly a voice from back row, "Tails, sir."

Beatrice: "Margaret, what are you going to do when you leave school?"
Margaret: "Oh, I'm going to teach school."
Beatrice: "But you don't know enough."
Margaret: "Well, all you have to do is ask questions."

Mr. Gordon in grammar class: "Beckel, you don't know anything.
Do you know the alphabet?"
Beckel: "I guess so."
Mr. Gordon: "What comes after A?"
Beckel: "All the others."

VENGEANCE

Kneeland: "Beatrice, after I pass away I wish you would marry James Dewey."

Beatrice: "Why so, Robert?"

Kneeland: "Because James trimmed me in an arithmetic exam once."

SELF SACRIFICE

"And how is your mother today, my dear?" gently called Mrs. Johnson, as she stopped in the middle of her task of sweeping the doorstep. Little Mary, walking past, called wistfully, "Not quite so well, thank you; oh, I do wish I could make Christmas a bit cheery for her!"—and passing, she hurried on some urgent errand. Mrs. Johnson, with a perplexed, pitying look, gazed after the raggedly-clothed child, and shook her head, her kindly eyes brimful of tears. Mrs. Johnson's motherly heart went out to Mary, and that last wistful sentence of the little girl reached her heart; an idea, which she wished to make a reality, sprang up. She turned and disappeared in the doorway—her morning duties forgotten—and directed her footsteps toward the tall, old-fashioned cupboard. Her hands fell upon the tiny black bag—lovingly she held it a moment, but with sudden determination, she opened it and bent her prim, grey head over it—yes, there it was—twenty dollars of her hard-earned savings. All her hopes were bound up in these tiny pieces of silver—her hopes in the form of a railway ticket, which would take her to her daughter Joan's, for Christmas day. Joan must never know what she had in mind! Oh, but how she did want to go to Joan's for this was the baby's first Christmas.

Emptying the bag of its contents, she juggled them in her hands as in an undecided way, then, with a queer little twitch of her lips, she clasped them tightly, hurried to don her wraps, and in a few moments, her sombre clad figure was bustling down the snow-covered street.

The shop windows on every side shone out in all their holiday decorations, everything new and bright and cheery. Suddenly she stopped in front of one of the windows; there before her a golden colored wool blanket was artistically draped.

An hour or so later, the same little, obscure, yet prim body plodded slowly homeward, laden with boxes of greens and reds, and although she appeared weary, yet there was a light of happiness and satisfaction which seemed to surround her.

After entering the house, Mrs. Johnson laid her parcels down, her gaze wandering to the little black bag lying empty on the shelf. Her own hopes were broken, yet as she gazed at her purchases, she pictured to herself the Watson family as they would gaze upon their surprise on the morrow. Tomorrow? Why, of course, this would be Christmas eve.

Christmas eve! People hurrying to and fro, and amongst the mob Mrs. Johnson made her way. She stopped outside a dingy house, set her parcels down, knocked, and hurried to the corner of the house, so as not to be seen. A strip of light lit up the snow, as the door was opened,

and fell on the packages, making a delightful sight. A cry of surprise reached her ears, and a pair of arms grasped their prize. "What is it, Mary?" a weak voice came from within as the door slammed upon the retreating figure of the child. Mrs. Johnson, stealing to the uncurtained window, looked in—what a scene of happy, glowing faces! There was Mrs. Watson, wrapped in a thin, ragged blanket, lying on a crude couch. Eager hands were tearing at the papers, and then a dash of golden, fluffy material. Surprised expressions and tears of happiness. "Oh, Mother, your Christmas present! Isn't it wonderful!" And placing it over her mother, Mary stood back to gaze at it and take in the wonder of it all. Mrs. Watson gently patted it, and bursting into tears of joy, she lay back, exhausted from her surprise. The children, meantime, were gathered together around a group of toys and a bunch of golden, luscious oranges. What joy! This, the Christmas spirit indeed!

Turning from the window, the silent spectator tripped lightly towards home, her spirits soaring, for wasn't she repaid a hundred-fold? But this was not the end of the surprises, for on reaching home, she found a telegram awaiting her: "Coming for you tomorrow A. M. Be ready. Love, Joan."

Beryl Stewart, Grade XI.

A NEWSPAPER CAREER FOR YOU?

Alfred Wood, Editor Sherbrooke Record.

In meeting the boys from Stanstead in all parts of Canada, I gather that they are inclined to step from school right into their vocation in life. The editor of the College Annual suggests that I might like to advocate the newspaper profession as a desirable calling for young people, both boys and girls. Having stepped from an Ontario college, somewhat like Stanstead, into the newspaper work at the age of twelve, I have on occasion wandered away from it, only to respond to the lure that ever lingers with the boy who smells printer's ink.

Newspaper work is less of the Nomadic or Bohemian life than it was forty-nine years ago when I swept the floor, set the type, ran the press and edited a country newspaper in 1882; a little country newspaper which has never missed a week's issue in all these years. In those days, nigh a half century since, hardly ten per cent of a city newspaper staff tarried in the same job for more than seven years. There was an insistent call to go forth and see the rest of Canada, and within ten years I had held positions in many offices and had been in every town and city in Canada. It may have been an inherited wanderlust, but with me it seemed that I should stay only so long as I could be happy and wake up singing. Take away from me that spirit of joy in the day's work ahead and I would move on. Nor did I ever have to count the railway ties or wonder what manner of wood they were.

I should be loth to advise any young man to select the profession of journalism, yet, as in other callings, success awaits him who excels in his work.

With better and keener business methods in the conduct of a newspaper it does today offer more lucrative attractions than in the olden days when a publisher had not the faith in his worth and work that he holds today.

Just as in other callings the specialist in the newspaper field is fairly well paid, and, in the language of the old printing office, "the ghost walks" regularly, the aforesaid ghost appearing on pay day when the worker gathers his "weekly insult."

A college training gives to the student a desire for the literary and newspaper work. The need for a general or specific knowledge of various departments does not seem so necessary as it was when the publications were not so highly organized.

The best paid job in a newspaper is not in the realms of literature, but is rather in the business or advertising. Early in my life I learned that the nearer one got to the treasury in the way of positive impress was to bring in the larger share of the wherewithal. So I became an advertising manager overnight on a daily paper which was paying me \$15.00 a week for brain work and was engaged at \$80.00 a week for a combination of brain work and brass. On the strength of that I took to myself a life partner who was a curative for the wanderlust. I have only lived in five cities since, but at all times as a proprietor.

To me there has never been a lure to any other business than that of newspaper publishing and editing, and I pride myself I can substitute for any man in any job on the newspaper.

But this allure I cannot pass on, even though it has held me in thrall for the fifty years since Saturday in a country newspaper office was the best holiday I knew of.

There are fewer daily newspapers in Canada than there were fifteen years ago. This has been brought about by friendly meetings each year of the daily newspaper body, and the mergers of two dailies in each city of 30,000 population.

Only in the larger cities and centers are there two daily newspapers, for it has been proven by economic research that it requires at least 30,000 people to support a newspaper in such a manner as to be worthy of its constituency. A newspaper should always be a good advertisement for its own community.

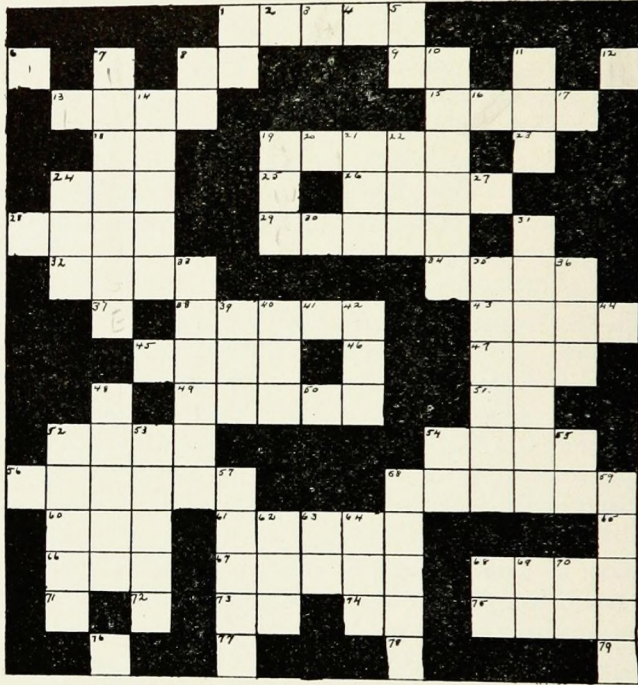
To fully equip a daily newspaper in a moderate sized city a capital investment of at least \$200,000 is required. Some of the larger papers have plants costing \$500,000.

A newspaper franchise is an intangible. It is simply the right to publish, and in the case of an established newspaper the word franchise also includes the good will value. A recent sale of a newspaper franchise in New York netted the owners \$5,000,000. In Canada there are several newspapers worth from two to four millions of dollars, and as high as five millions was offered a few years ago for a newspaper property in Toronto.

Salaries of managing editors range from \$4,000 to \$12,000 in Canada. Reporters are paid from \$750 to \$4,500 a year.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

H. Wolfe



VERTICAL

1. Defender of the Faith. (abbr.)
2. Seen in London.
3. Indefinite article.
4. The Dean comes from this university. (abbr.)
5. We are supposed to be like one of these. (abbr.)
6. Try 6 horizontal.
7. What Stanstead is.
8. Preposition.
10. A class of bases.
11. Well-known business college.
12. Eighth letter of the alphabet.
13. Same as above.
14. We do this under the gym.
16. Exclamation.
17. Add "H" to this letter and you will get another exclamation.
19. The school we attend. (abbr.)
20. See 4 vertical.
21. Shelley wrote one.
33. This is used in a pool-room.
23. Roman numeral.
24. This is Black, Red and Dead.
27. This sometimes makes fifty.
28. The second letter of the three.
29. The third letter of the three.
30. This means king.
31. To do what Stanstead does to us.
32. First letter in alphabet.
33. What we are supposed to be when we graduate.
35. What Hero was to Leander.
36. Miss Murray can do this.
39. Stanstead's colour.
40. Americans sometimes spell "grow" this way.
42. We put our golf ball on this.
44. The Greeks call it Alpha.
45. Same as 37 horizontal.
48. Victor Herbert wrote a love

- song about this people.
50. The Greeks wrote it this way, "P."
 52. We have this.
 53. People go to see them change this at Buckingham.
 54. This town was well-known in Biblical times.
 55. Telephone and Telegraph. (abbr.)
 56. This puts an end to all war.
 57. Never put this on the table.

58. We do this to flowers and sometimes to trousers.
59. A football team tries to make these.
62. Belonging to us.
63. Vermont. (abbr.)
64. Et cetera. (abbr.)
68. Stanstead College.
69. Towards.
70. Arabic (abbr.)
76. Beta.

HORIZONTAL

1. Where we sleep. (at night)
6. The big letter.
7. Centigrade. (abbr.)
8. This is seen in newspapers.
9. Some people use this for "Thank you."
11. There are only two of these in Bugbee.
12. Hydrogen. (symbol)
13. Wordsworth wrote a poem about this number of daffodils.
15. The lower part of the outer ear.
18. Lord-Mayor. (abbr.)
19. This went down and has not come up yet.
23. The third letter.
24. Some people spell "slow" this way.
25. Welsh. (abbr.)
26. Some aeroplanes have this kind of controls.
28. It takes seven days to make one of these.
29. We carry one of these when we go fishing.
31. Chemical symbol for Boron.
32. A rich man does this year in and year out.
34. Now and then we get one of these.
37. Engines start with this.
38. We often use this.

43. He was once king of Peru.
45. At all times.
46. This ends love.
47. Veterinary surgeon. (abbr.)
48. This is seen first in Goderich.
49. The dictionary says, "To worship with profound reverence."
51. This sometimes means much.
52. King John was forced to do this to the Magna Carta.
54. A division or part.
56. To hold in thought.
58. Fairly. (slang)
60. New school arithmetic. (abbr.)
61. Romeo was this.
65. Indefinite article.
66. Syrian. (abbr.)
67. A big city in Montana.
68. Some hitch their wagon to this.
71. East.
72. Pence.
73. Alternative.
74. Civil Service. (abbr.)
75. A well-known front wheel drive automobile.
76. Boats usually start with this.
77. This starts a whirlwind.
78. This is used to make words plural.
79. Add this to a word and it will mean more than before.

Kelly: Janet, how'd you like to have a pet monkey?
 Janet: Oh, Kelly, this is so sudden, but you'll have to ask father.

HALL-MARKS

Looking into the Future with Stanstead's New Principal, Rev. Errol Amaron.

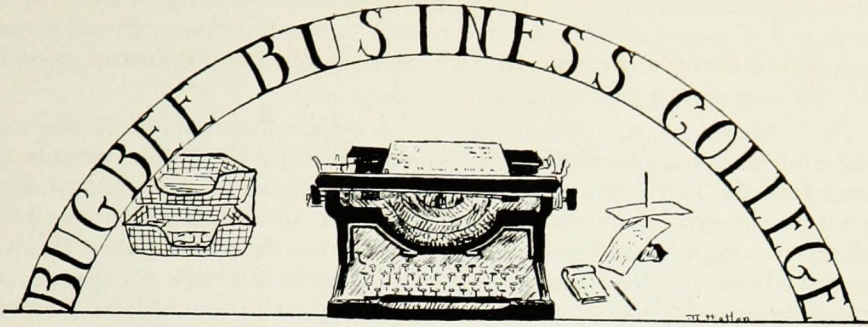
During the past few weeks I have been giving a good deal of thought to Stanstead College and its future. If my thoughts could be boiled down to a single thought or if the various strands could be woven into one, I think that thought might be summed up in the term "hall-mark." The thing that I am most anxious about in the future life of Stanstead College is that this old school should place a very definite and characteristic hall-mark on its pupils. It is quite possible to pick out a Harvard man because of a certain imprint made on him by that great institution of learning. Columbia University and the University of Chicago leave a very recognizable mark on their graduates. We think of men from Oxford and Cambridge as having the Oxford or Cambridge tradition. I should like to think that a Stanstead graduate might be recognized by the glittering mark of his or her school.

There are many elements which should go into this mark, but I need only point out a few. The mark should indicate that the graduate has a high sense of sportsmanship. I should like to think that Stanstead graduates everywhere could be counted on to display this quality. The Stanstead hall-mark should mean that its bearer has a broad cultural background, that his intellectual interests cover a wide field and that along with this he has developed a sympathetic appreciation of points of view that might not be his own. I should like to think that to be a Stanstead graduate meant to be imbued with a spirit of intelligent and reasoned tolerance.

Many years ago Paul said that he bore branded on his body "the owner's stamp of Jesus." I hope that it will become increasingly possible to pick out Stanstead College graduates because of the hall-mark the school has placed on them. I also trust that the hall-mark will always be in keeping with the mark that distinguished Paul.

THE SONG OF THE GRADE XI GRADS.

Yes, work, it's driving us crazy,
What can we do? What can we do?
Because it's spring,
We all feel so lazy
We just can't work, it's true.
How true were the teachers who said that
We wouldn't be able to cram!
How blue were the loafers who thought that
They'd pass very cool and so calm!
Oh, work, you're driving us crazy,
How can we ever "get thru?"



The annual organization of the B. B. C. Literary Society was held on Friday, September 19, 1930. The meeting consisted of the election of officers for the first term, as follows: Honorary President, Mr. J. D. McFadyen; President, Ivor Thomas; 1st Vice-President, Miss Janet Brown; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Kelso Johnston; Recording Secretary, Leslie Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas Bready; Treasurer, Mr. Malcolm Mowle, and Mr. Gordon Noble as Convenor of the Program Committee. It was decided that the offices should be held by those elected, for the 1st term only.

The One Lung (our weekly paper) was a special feature of each program. The main objective of the Society was to become accustomed to thinking and speaking before an audience. The programs consisted of debates, vocal and instrumental music, readings and speeches. We wish to thank Mr. Soles and Mr. Poaps for the helpful and interesting speeches they so kindly gave and also Mr. McFadyen who willingly filled in with talks on "Personal Efficiency," when our program was incomplete.

The second term officers were: Honorary President, Mr. J. D. McFadyen; President, Mr. Kelso Johnston; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Charles Musgrove; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Janet Brown; Recording Secretary, Mr. Ivor Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Frances Buchannan; Treasurer, Mr. M. Mowle; Convenor of the Program Committee, Mr. George Brazel. These new officers continued the work in a very efficient manner.

The year has been a very successful one and we surely hope that the Literary Society of next year will prove even more successful.

The B. B. C. class picture was completed in good time and practically every student is carrying a copy home to keep as a special treasure.

B. B. C. "AT HOME"

It was a great success! The annual "At Home" of the Bugbee Business College on Friday evening, March 6, fulfilled every expectation of those interested. The spacious class-rooms were tastefully decorated with evergreens, cushions, college pennants, and ornamental blackboard drawings while a false ceiling of red and white gave the rooms a very

homey appearance. The college furniture, which was borrowed for the occasion, did much to add to the rooms' attractiveness. Even a radio was installed for the evening and a well rounded-out orchestra provided music for the proms and waltzes.

At 7:45 the guests, consisting of the staff and students of the Academic and Music Departments, the parents of the B. B. C. students and several friends from the town began to arrive. They were heartily greeted by a reception committee consisting of seven officers of the Literary Society, viz: Misses Janet Brown, Leslie Smith and Frances Buchanan and Messrs. Kelso Johnston, Ivor Thomas, Charles Musgrove and John LeBreton. A word of welcome was spoken by Mr. McFadyen and responded to by Mr. Martin.

The programme consisted of a reading by Miss Kathleen Bready, a violin solo by Mr. Stuart Blier, a piano instrumental by Miss Alice Watson, a reading by Miss Eileen Duff and a vocal solo by Mr. Hackett. These features of the programme were greeted with much applause and several encores. During the evening refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, chocolates and marshmallows were daintily served by several boys and girls under the able direction of Mr. and Mrs. McFadyen. At 11:00 this very happy evening came to a close with the singing of the national anthems.

THE MYSTIC THREE

There are three words, the sweetest words
In all the human speech,
More sweet than all the songs of birds
Or pages poets preach.

This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad, a dreary thing—
Three words and trouble disappears
And birds begin to sing.

Three words and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine.
Three words will dissipate the gloom,
And water turn to wine;

Three words and trouble disappears,
"I love you?" Wrong, by heck!
It is another sweeter phrase—
Enclosed—find—check!

Mr. McFadyen: Parse the word "kiss."

Musgrove: This word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

Quiet, demure and so serene,
She's never heard and seldom seen;
Who's this so quiet yet so still?
It's Ruby Graham of Sawyerville.

Of gold-diggers we have our share,
"Snookie" Brown is always there,
She asks for money to buy some gum,
And won't go skating unless she has some.

And then there's Parker, 'mong poets, rare,
With stiff heavy beard and dark curly hair.
Should anyone ask who Lindsay is with,
Start hunting around for sweet "Evvie" Smith.

Johnnie Seale is another face,
From Cowansville he struck this place.
When he got here on that fatal day,
He was sore because the band didn't play.

Miss Edwards is a funny girl,
At typing and shorthand she's a whirl,
But when Charlie takes her out in the dark,
Her sole ambition is to park.

Claude Drennan comes from Cookshire town,
When he comes to a stairs he always falls down;
He is the second flat's only hope,
For this young man always has soap.

Gruchy lives in a city so large,
He has to stay on a river barge;
And if his people all get the croup,
He'll visit his Becky in Riviere du Loup.

Doug is not short nor yet very tall,
As a moustache grower he's best of them all,
But with women it's a different thing,
They leave him behind at the beginning of spring.

Frances plays rugby out in the hall,
She uses notes instead of a ball;
A pass to Boyd, then he sends a return.
Those notes are so hot, say! they fairly burn.

He's tall and willowy and fair to see,
You'd know he came from B. B. C.
John G. Russell is his name,
'Twas at baseball that he gained his fame.

Champoux is our Frenchy man,
He comes from old Quebec,
So maybe all next summer long
He'll have Mabel by the neck.

When Leslie at the first of the year
Would see a "Swallow," how she would cheer,
But during the winter the birds went south,
And now poor Leslie is down in the mouth.

Playing the piano is his meat,
To hear Ivor play is surely a treat.
What's the inspiration? you will say,
Who else is it but his girl friend, Kay.

Flanders is a soldier brave,
As a colonel you should hear him rave,
He calls "Buzzer" thousands of names
That can't be repeated in the presence of dames.

Crisp & Norrish are here at last,
At such extreme beauty the girls all gasp,
For full eight months they worked away,
Then came to Bugbee for a holiday.

As a cadet Blier takes the cake,
He thinks he's a soldier and no mistake,
But you take soldiers as soldiers go,
And poor old "Stuey" hasn't a show.

When Bready came from out of the west,
Through all of Stanstead his beard was the best,
Good old Calif. is his native land,
So to him we must give fair Bunty's hand.

Max and LeBreton are two rivals rare,
They always will fight but maybe not fair,
For it is well known all over the town
That both are fighting for sweet Janet Brown.

One is a neat small midget lad,
He's not very good and yet not very bad,
We call him "Fat" because of his size,
He must be in love—just look at his eyes.

Noble and Mowle are golfers brave,
We'll find some golf clubs in their grave,
They dig enough dirt to cover a lawn,
Who'll dig our ditches when they are gone?

General efficiency is his middle name,
Lyman's Limited is full of fame,
Rapid Cal. is sure his meat,
But tonsils knocked him off his feet.

Janet, driving in the moonlight: "Can you drive with one hand, Kelly?"

Kelly, eagerly: "Sure thing."

Janet: "Then have an apple."

THE BUSINESS OF FRIENDSHIP

The happiest business in the world
Is that of making friends,
And no "investment" on the street
Pays larger dividends.

For life is more than stocks and bonds
And love than rate per cent,
And he who gives in Friendship's name
Shall reap as he has spent.

Life is the great investment
And no man lives in vain
Who guards an hundred friendships
As misers guard their gain.

Then give the world a welcome
Each day, whate'er it sends,
And may no mortgage e'er foreclose
The partnership of friends.

Flanders: How long could I live without brains?
Blier: That remains to be seen.

Bready: I would like to see something cheap in a straw hat.
Clerk: Try this one, the mirror is on your left.

Parker: My motto is, "What's worth doing is worth doing well."
Peters: I notice that every time you make a fool of yourself.

Slim: How is the hash made here?
Fat: It isn't made—it accumulates.

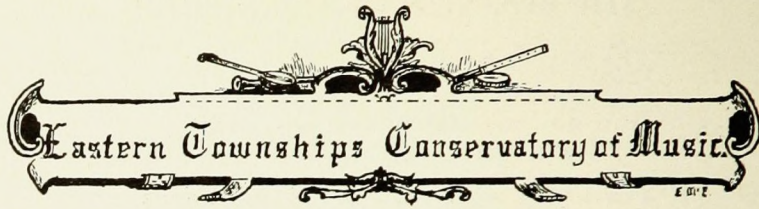
Charlie: What's the difference between a sight and a vision?
Kelly: Well, I'm a vision and you're a sight.

Miss Edwards: What are you crying for, my little man?
Russell: I've been skipping all afternoon and I just remembered it
was Saturday.

Gordon: "Darling, will you marry me?"
Mary: "Have you seen my parents?"
Gordon: "Yes, but I'll marry you just the same."

Peters: "Say, Russell, why do you comb your hair every night before
you go to bed?"
Gruchy: "To make a good impression on the pillow."

Parker and Evelyn couldn't agree. She wanted to drive in the park
and he wanted to park in the drive.



DIARY OF MUSICAL MUSINGS

The year 1930-31 opened with much enthusiasm and with the following new teachers: Miss Pauline Newington of New England Conservatory, as voice teacher, and Miss Margaret Henley and Miss Jean Campbell, graduates of the E. T. C. M. in 1930 in the piano department, Miss Jessie Ward, graduate in violin from Mount Allison Ladies' College, as assistant in the violin department, and also teacher of piano.

The opening prom took place the last Friday in September and the Conservatory orchestra supplied music for the several proms. There was a short program upon which several members of the conservatory appeared. During the month of September Miss Newington and the Conservatory orchestra were again called upon to help make our opening church service a success.

October 21st Gazo's Philippine Ensemble opened the 1930-31 People's Entertainment Course and it was followed on November 14th by "The Treasure Chest of Light Opera," which was composed of a splendid group of artists, while on November 21st we were carried to the land of mystery by Hathaway and Ruth with their clever well performed acts.

The lecture on December 15th by John Nicol Mark was very much enjoyed by those who availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing something really good, and another year's program is sure to include a lecture, or lectures.

Beatrice and Jack Henderson entertained us with their many and varied talents on January 16, and on February 16th the closing event of the season's course took place in the form of a play, "A Full House." The cast was composed of local talent and coached by Mr. Eric Bethel. This year's play, as in the past, was a big success, and the fact that Miss Margaret Murray of the oratory department took one of the leading parts, and that the orchestra was composed of several conservatory members, added greatly to interest here.

Miss Jessie Ward, violinist, and Miss Pauline Newington, soprano, made their debuts as soloists in a joint recital October 24th, and delighted their audience with their musical talents. A cut from the local press was as follows: "Miss Ward and Miss Newington are musicians of ability, graceful in manner and animated in performance." They were ably assisted by Miss Margaret Murray, reader, while Miss Elsie MacFadzen and Miss Margaret Henley played excellent accompaniments. Miss Murray contributed a cutting from Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

On October 19th Miss Adele Noble and Miss Jessie Ward of the violin department had the opportunity and pleasure of hearing Jasquin Heifetz, violinist, play in Montreal.



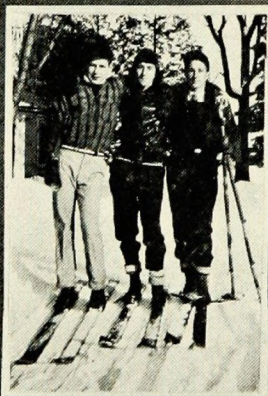
IN UNIFORM.



"GOING SKIING?"



A SMILE.



A SPEEDY TRIO.



ARMY + NAVY.



A POPULAR TRIO

WITH THE EDITOR



"READY!"



"SNAPPED."

November 4th, the I. O. D. E. had their monthly meeting in the college parlours. Miss Elsie MacFadzen was guest speaker and chose for her subject, "Canadian Music and Musicians." Those of us who heard this worth-while lecture through which we learned so much about our own country's music and musicians, wish Miss MacFadzen would do more of that type of thing.

The sudden death on November 4th of our principal, Dr. Moody, cast a gloom over the conservatory, and we felt that in his passing we lost one who always understood, and fully appreciated our efforts.

Sunday, December 14th, our Christmas Vesper service was held in Pierce Hall. The junior quartette composed of Jean Tarlton, Margaret Lamb, Tommy Johnson and Donald Poaps played a fitting prelude, and took part throughout the service.

On December 19th Mr. Martin attended a meeting at Montreal in the interests of a revised course of music in public schools. At this meeting Mr. Martin gave an address. It was printed in the January number of the Educational Journal.

In February Mr. Carson of the South Congregational Church invited the members of the orchestra and Miss Pauline Newington, soprano, to take part in a special service. Miss Ward played a violin prelude.

On February 22d, the orchestra, Miss Newington, soprano, and Miss Margaret Henley, organist, went to Beebe, where they took part in a special anniversary service in the United Church there.

Weekly practice recitals were held in Pierce Hall during the winter term.

On March 4th Miss MacFadzen, pianist; Miss Ward, violinist; Miss Newington, soprano, and Miss Murray, reader, went to Barton, Vermont, where they presented a program under the auspices of the Woman's Literary Club.

A school year without a Bugbee prom would be incomplete so on March 6th members of our department were again called upon to help with the program. There were readings given by Eileen Duff and K. Bready; a vocal solo by Mr. Hackett and a violin solo by Stuart Blier.

March 27th was the date set aside this year for our annual Conservatory concert, which was held in the Haskell Opera House. The program follows:

1. Orchestra: (a) Sizilietta *F. V. Blan*
 (b) Tancredi Overture *Rossini*
 2. Song: (a) Lullaby *Cyril Scott*
 (b) The Wind's in the South..... *John Prindle Scott*
- JEAN CAMPBELL
3. Violin: (a) To a Pickaninny..... *Renk*
 (b) Sarabande *Bohm*
- JEANNETTE WOODWORTH
4. Reading: De Stove Pipe Hole..... *Drummond*
- EILEEN DUFF
5. Song: (a) La Fleur que tu m'avais jetee (Carmen)..... *Bizet*
 (b) Estrellita *Ponce-La Foye*
- LOUIS POMERLEAU

6. Piano: (a) March in C *MacDowell*
 (b) Sparks *Moszkowski*
MARGARET HENLEY
7. Violin Duet: (a) Last Spring *Grieg*
 (b) Norwegian Dance *Grieg*
ADELE NOBLE JESSIE WARD
8. Reading: Cutting from "Rivals" *Sheridan*
MARGARET MURRAY
9. Violin Solo: Allegro Brilliant *Ten Have*
FRANCIS SMITH
10. Song: (a) A Death Lullaby *Spross*
 (b) A Spirit Flower *Campbell-Tipton*
 (c) The Green-Eyed Dragon *Charles*
PAULINE NEWINGTON

Accompanists: Elsie MacFadzen, Margaret Henley

On Friday evening, May 1st, the "Academy-Conservatory" prom and dance took place in the auditorium of Pierce Hall, which was artistically decorated in colors of green and gold. Miss MacFadzen, Miss K. Morrill, Mr. A. P. Gordon and Mr. W. Falls received the many guests. Mr. Martin, directory of the Conservatory, welcomed the guests in a few well chosen words, and Mr. McFadyen responded. The College orchestra, augmented by many townsmen, who very willingly contributed their services, furnished music for the proms and dances. A short program consisted of a piano solo by Marjorie Woodard, vocal solo by Elma Martin, violin quartette composed of Jean Tarlton, Tommy Johnson, Margaret Lamb and Donald Poaps, piano solo by Millicent Brennan, and a reading by Muriel Aranoff. At ten-thirty refreshments were served, followed by a balloon dance which was welcomed as a novelty and much enjoyed by everyone. Much credit is due the decoration committee for the wonderful work done by them, under the able leadership of Miss Jean Campbell. It was heartily agreed by all that the prom was one of the most successful ever held in the College, and the hope was expressed that there would be many more such evenings.

Mention must be made of the fact that this is Mr. Martin's thirty-first year in connection with the College, and his twenty-fifth year as director of the Conservatory. We all join in wishing him many more successful ones. Next year being the 30th anniversary of the opening of the Conservatory, Mr. Martin plans to have a reunion of old graduates, and give them an opportunity of appearing on the concert stage of their Alma Mater once again. Preparations are now being made for our commencement programs which will bring to a close a successful and happy year.

L. Adele Noble.

Son: What is a college education, Dad?

Father: A college education, son, is a four years' loaf, made of plenty of dough.

HOLMES MEMORIAL SCHOOL

From the standpoint of enrollment, health, and examination results, this year in the Holmes Memorial School has been a happy one. In previous years promotion has depended upon the results of the June examinations; but at the opening of this school session credit was promised on the examinations written during the year, and this has proved very satisfactory. So with fifty per cent of the hard climbing done, we all have greater courage to attack "those dreaded finals."

As the School Fair was held before school opened in September the teachers were not present; but the Women's Institute of North Stanstead helped the pupils to take part in a pageant in which the school was awarded first prize. In addition to this over forty dollars was won on exhibits. Two of our pupils, Ellen Howard and Claire Temple, attended the Homemakers' Short Course in Lennoxville. For the coming year eighty pupils received seeds for garden and field crops, while the girls are planning sewing and cooking entries.

Regular "gym" classes have been added to the school day in all grades where time can be found for this work; and the amount of home work has been reduced.

Thirty-five pupils have been studying in the Conservatory. Peggy Lamb and Jean Tarlton have attended senior orchestra, while Peggy Lamb, Jean Tarlton and Donald Poaps have formed three of the junior violin quartette, as well as attending junior orchestra.

This year the girls have carried off the honors in penmanship. Eleanor Cooper, Hazel Deadman, Theresa Laythe, Cora Philip, Jean Tarlton and Claire Temple gained the coveted ninety per cent, which wins a B. B. C. penmanship diploma.

The Junior Red Cross work has gone on as usual, three hundred and twenty calendars being sold in aid of the Crippled Children's Fund. The groups are now working to buy a picture of our King and Queen for each classroom.

In addition to the prizes given yearly by the school board of Stanstead and Rock Island, the North Stanstead Women's Institute has offered a prize in each grade.

We all appreciate the keen interest this organization is taking in the school.

Lloyd Bliss, Grade VI.

Cameron: "Some people say blondes are dumber than brunettes."

Carleton: "There's nothing in that although they are light headed."

Rita: "What comes in pairs?"

Jean: "Shoes and stockings."

Rita: "No, pear seeds."

English Teacher to Emile: Give me a sentence with the words, "defence," "defeat" and "detail."

Emile: Ven a cat yumps ofer defence defeat always goes before detail."

A PIECE OF LIFE

"Just think, in two more months Reg will have completed his first year in medicine," said his mother as she and her husband were about to spend a quiet evening reading.

"Not bad for a boy of eighteen," said his father seating himself in a comfortable chair before the fire, for it was a chilly evening.

"I don't suppose there is any doubt about him getting his year is there?" Mrs. Best queried.

"You know of late I have been wondering that myself. Reg hasn't been sticking as close to his studies as he used to," said Mr. Best in a tone of voice that indicated he had been giving the matter some thought.

"It would be too bad if he did fail. That is something he never did in high school," said Mrs. Best with a saddened tone.

And thus Reg's mother and father discussed their son; of how he had of late been spending a great deal of time at nights at the gymnasium, and with the choral club, but more than that they were suspicious that he had been paying frequent visits to that Nora Semple, and the Semples weren't the kind of people that would be a great asset to anyone, so the Bests weren't anxious to have any association with them.

The following evening dinner was all ready at the Best home at six-thirty. Mrs. Best called Reg who was thought to be in his room but no answer came. The dinner proceeded with his place empty, and when the meal was half over Reg came in like the gust of a west wind.

"Sorry, Mother, if I kept dinner waiting, but after school I had a basketball practice, and just as that was over I remembered that we had a choral rehearsal that I had to be at." By this time Reg was eating with his mother and father. Little was said but it is a certainty that thoughts were traveling fast in those three minds. Father and mother were rehearsing what they had said the night before, while Reg was imagining what a wonderful time he was going to have that evening. Reg ate so quickly that he had finished as soon as his mother.

With no comment except "Thanks for the wonderful dinner, Mother," Reg dashed upstairs to do what his mother and father guessed he was going to do—dress to go out to see Nora.

"Surely Reg isn't going out again tonight, is he?" said his father. "I think I'll interfere."

But just like most mothers Mrs. Best said, "Ah, John, you had better let him go, because if you don't he will sulk for a week and make it so miserable for us as well as for himself."

After further discussion it was decided that Reg would be allowed to go but that he must return early. The subject of the conversation changed to the weather as Reg returned from his making preparations for the evening.

It was quite obvious that he intended doing something besides going to the library, which had been his excuse for going out a number of times, for he was attired in his very best suit, and it was a good one, because his parents liked to see him well dressed.

"Well, what is it tonight?" said his father as Reg was making his final preparations hurriedly, evidently afraid of being late.

"Got a date, Dad?"

"Who with?" said his father sharply, not the least bit surprised.

"Nora."

"Nora who?"

"Nora Semple."

"Don't you think that you would be better home studying than spending your time with that girl, and—"

"There's nothing the matter with Nora, and you know it," Reg fired back before his father could complete his sentence.

"Well, that is a matter of opinion, however, you have been out every night for a week at choral club practice and other things, and it is about time that you were thinking about doing some studying or the first thing you know you will be failing your medical exams, which aren't so very far away."

By this time Reg, being one of those boys who can't stand to be opposed, was getting rather excited and was likely to say most anything.

So, quick as a flash came the reply, "I never failed an exam in my life and I'm not going to start now." With that he made for the door, but before he reached it his father called him back.

"Reg, now keep cool. No one ever gained anything by losing their head. Look here, Reg, I want you to make this your last visit to Semple's, and furthermore, I want you to be in early tonight, and do some studying before you go to bed." Reg, who had been holding his head down, raised it suddenly and was about to speak when his father said, "Now, Reg, that is final. I am going to have something to say about this."

"All right, Dad," he muttered, consenting but not agreeing. He slammed the door as he went out that he might leave no doubt in his father's mind as to his actual feelings. In a moment he was speeding down the road in his father's Stutz, and in a few more arrived at the Semple home.

Nora met him at the door, apparently having awaited his arrival. She was different from most girls, in that she was all ready. And well she might be, for she devoted the greater share of her time at attempts to appear beautiful. There is no doubt that she devoted more of her father's money to the same purpose than he could afford, too. Her general composure betrayed her personality immediately. In her efforts to display the modern methods of feminine beauty, she was lacking in the quality of a cosmetic artist that is necessary to make rouge blend. She was laboring under the delusion that lip-stick used lavishly is attractive, and perhaps that the attractiveness is directly proportional to the lavishness. Her hair, her clothes, everything about her was in harmony, but a pseudo-harmony only of uncultured taste. In her every action she displayed a lack of that air of refinement which characterizes the type of person Nora would like to have been, but could not be. Her whole life centered around cosmetics, her clothes, such as they were, and a good time. In spite of her defects, recognized as such by society at large,

Reg saw something that no one else could see; something he could not describe or express. If he could have found words, they likely would have been something more wonderful than "a personality of absolute perfection." He was "crazy about her," and as a matter of fact, he was.

They had planned previously to go out that night, because Nora desired thrills and the kind of thrills she craved was not to be found at home. However, the incident in the Best home of that evening altered things somewhat. So Reg had not been there long before Nora and he were having a very interesting and important conversation.

"Nora, tonight when I was leaving, Dad interfered and wasn't going to allow me to come down tonight."

"Why not?"

"Well, he has the crazy notion that I'm not working hard enough at my studies."

"Well, University boys never work anyway, do they?"

"Of course they do, but it is a little early yet."

"Did your father say much?"

"No, not so much, —but it was the way he said it. I might as well tell you, Nora, —"

"What, Reg?"

"Well, — well, Dad said that he wanted me to make this my last visit to you."

"So he is blaming me for you not working."

"Yes, but worse than that, I am pretty certain that Dad doesn't like you."

"Oh?" said she, in a tone that indicated she could think of no reason for that.

"But you know, Nora, that what Dad said and thinks doesn't make any difference in my feeling toward you. You know that I love you, don't you, Nora?" he murmured in a voice of assurance.

"Yes, Reg, I do."

"If Dad won't consent to my coming to see you, well, we can get married sooner than we planned and live together, and I can continue my medical course just the same. We could live all right on my allowance."

"That would be great, Reg, and we could live here. I'm sure mother and father wouldn't mind a bit, and then we could go out more."

"Say, Nora, that's a great idea."

"Won't it be wonderful to be together almost all the time! We can have such good times! It will be marvelous, Reg!"

"Yes, dear, we will be so happy we just won't care what happens, will we, Nora?"

It was thus that they conversed for an hour or more, not refraining from expressions of affection, verbal and otherwise. When they had aroused each other's feelings to a state of heavenly bliss, the telephone rang. Reg, who felt quite at home there, answered the call.

It was his father! Reg Best was not the only one who had been thinking seriously of his future. And being so occupied in his plans, he either forgot that he was to return early, or simply disregarded his

father's orders. However, Mr. Best was most emphatic when he insisted on Reg returning immediately and reminded him that he had some work to do before going to bed. Reg was very indignant, but very reluctantly he started for home.

His father was awaiting his arrival. Neither of them were in the best of humour. Reg was highly disgruntled and indignant; his father was provoked and angry to think that Reg would disregard his final instructions. Being in this humor, they seemed to feel that a few sharp words might provide suitable release.

"Well, Son, it appears that you intend doing just as you please."

"If I'm ever old enough to know what is best for myself, I ought to know now, and besides I consider it positive insult for you to call me home tonight," said Reg with plenty of self-confidence and a bitter tone.

"Uh, huh! So that's the way you feel about it. Well I want to tell you, that you show little sign of knowing what is best for you, and it worries me very little to think that I called you home from visiting a girl that I won't have you visiting, even though I insulted you in so doing. ———And Reg, you might as well make up your mind to that right now."

"Dad, I love Nora, and I can't give her up."

"You don't love her at all; you have just a silly infatuation, that's what it is, and the sooner you give her up the better it will be for you, and I'll guarantee you'll realize that some day."

"I tell you that I love Nora, Dad, and you might as well know that we are engaged."

"Engaged! What do you want to be engaged for? It will be plenty of time six years from now for you to think of getting married; when you have completed your medical course. You get all these silly notions out of your head, and get at your studies; that is the best thing for you."

"I absolutely refuse to give Nora up. We have it all planned so that we can be married and live with her parents."

"Married! What are you going to live on?"

"My allowance."

"Unless you sever your relationships with that girl immediately your allowance is at an end."

Reg had not thought of that possibility. He paused a moment, and then came the reply with an air of determination: "All right, Dad, I can make my way in the world. There are plenty of jobs that I can get. I'll give up my medical course. Nora and I are going to be married, and I'm going to leave this place!"

Mrs. Best, who had retired for the night, being aroused by the loud talking, came downstairs just in time to hear Reg announce his intentions.

"Don't let him go, John. He doesn't know what he is talking about. Try to reason with him so that he will see his mistake," said Mrs. Best pleadingly.

"No, Reg is beyond persuasion. He is beyond us now. The world is his only teacher now. He will just have to live and learn. Let him go, even though it does almost break one's heart. But he'll come back, sooner or later."

The plans for marriage were carried out, and the youthful couple with a pair of palpitating hearts, due to thrill of their new venture and the degree of uncertainty connected with it, moved to a neighbouring city. There Reg had a friend who knew a fellow who was friendly with the manager of a bond house. Due largely to his being married, Reg managed to get a job through this medium, at fifteen dollars a week.

They settled in a two-room apartment which was really two spare rooms of a private house. It was not an elaborate dwelling but was comfortable and with very little tasteful effort could have been made very homelike. But Nora was not interested in making a home. The huge city, to her, had many attractions, and she was there to make the best of them. Nora was not the kind that searched for work when her husband was making "fifteen" a week. The thought that they might have difficulty getting along never came to her. Life was just a wonderful dream to Nora.

Almost every evening when Reg returned from work, a conversation similar to this took place.

"Reg, where can we go tonight? I'd love to see the show at the 'Frivoli,' or would you rather go and dance?"

"Nora, you know that we can't go out. We can't afford it. It is more than we can do now to keep our rent paid. Why not stay in and read to each other?"

"But Reg, when I am shut in here all day with nothing to do I'll go crazy if I can't get out at night. You are the only one I can go with, except Eunice." (Eunice was a friend of their landlady.)

"I'm sorry, Nora, but you know yourself that if we paid all our rent we would have less than nothing."

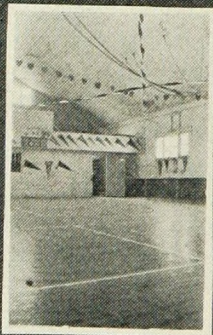
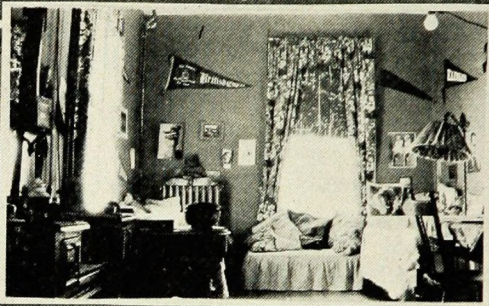
"The only thing then, Reg, is for you to get a better job, and then we can enjoy life a little."

"I wish I could, Nora, but I don't see how that is possible. What would help is for you to get up and prepare my breakfast before I go to work in the mornings, and make my lunch, and then I could come home and we could have dinner together at night."

"Gee, Reg, I can't cook, and besides you leave rather early in the mornings and I haven't been used to getting up very early."

And so things went on. Reg worked hard to "make ends meet" on what he was earning. Nora did not improve a particle and was very little inspiration or assistance to Reg. Reg was bound to make good, and with a fair chance he would. He never saw defeat staring him in the face just like that before. The rent had been overdue and they had notice to move or pay up immediately.

Reg appealed to his friend, the natural thing to do. Reg told him exactly how things were. Reg did not realize that Nora was a great hindrance to him, when she could have been a great help. His friend spoke frankly and said that the first thing necessary was to come to an understanding with Nora. She would have spent twice as much as Reg earned. It was necessary that they have a common economic intention. Of course his friend saw the impossibility of getting along on Reg's meagre salary. When he felt that Reg was absolutely set on getting an understanding



SUNNY SCENES of S.Y.C.

with Nora, he loaned him twenty-five dollars, and told him where he might find a better job.

Reg immediately set out in search for the new position. He was successful in getting a job serving in one of a chain of restaurants, at twenty-five dollars a week. That was a great improvement over the last position, financially speaking. Each day Reg was coming to realize his responsibility, and that life wasn't as free and easy as he once thought it to be.

The day that arrangements were made for the new position he returned home in the middle of the afternoon. Nora was not anywhere to be found. Reg concluded that she had gone out with Eunice. But at five o'clock a car stopped in front of the house. Nora emerged from the roadster and on entering their rooms was quite surprised and embarrassed to see Reg. She explained that she had been driving with Eunice and her friend. But Reg doubted Nora for the first time, but not visibly. He explained that he had a new position. To Reg, that meant less effort to make a living and a more comfortable home. But to Nora it meant just more good times.

Reg met no great reverse after this for some time. But the one regrettable thing about his new position was that his work kept him till twelve-thirty every night. This circumstance is a detriment to any home and knowing what we do of Nora we would not be surprised if this is no exception.

But the future looked rather black for Reg when the company for whom he was working decided to employ girls for serving. But Reg could not see all. He had been very faithful as a waiter, and because of his faithfulness he was now made head waiter of this branch. His salary by this time was double what it was in the beginning. He could now enjoy many of the comforts that made life pleasant.

Yet in this condition he was not happy. Something was hindering him, and he was always depressed. It was, of course, due to Nora, who still made little effort to make things pleasant in their little home. Her thoughts were elsewhere. Reg was working days now and was home about seven in the evenings now. One evening on his return he found that Nora was not there, greatly to his surprise, for of late she had been awaiting his return each day. He called Eunice to see if Nora was there, but Eunice had not seen her since the previous day.

The occasions mentioned were not the only times that Nora had been out with other men, and Reg was constantly worried about this situation. But he had stood it as long as he could. He determined that he was through with Nora for good. Reg realized that what his father had told him over a year ago was the truth; that he would really be better without Nora.

Nora arrived late that night. Reg asked no explanation; he had learned all from the landlady. If it had been the first time, it would have justified an attempt to make an adjustment, but it was many times. The only thing that Nora could say was that she had to go out with someone. Reg told her in no uncertain terms how she had been a hindrance to him instead of a help, making no attempt to save and get ahead

financially, but spending all she could get, and more than that, had been untrue to him in associating with other men. He paid the rent due, gathered up his belongings, gave Nora enough money on which to return home, and then set out to look for another dwelling place.

This was not an unpremeditated step on Reg's part; it was one that he regretted to take, yet it was one to a sense of freedom that he had not felt for some time. It was to freedom of a different kind than he ever knew before, for previously he had never known anything but freedom.

He proved himself to be a very efficient head waiter. Even though he was yet young he was capable of great responsibility, and had the ability to understand and manage people. His politeness, courtesy and other characteristics which he bore as the result of a good home, were responsible for his success. Each month he impressed the manager of the company more favorably.

In about two years from this time, Reg was made employment manager of the company for which he was working. Reg was no longer a boy with his boyish habits of eighteen, but he was a person of mature manhood.

Reg felt quite alone in the world and longed for home many times, but was too ashamed, because of the way he left, to return. But finally he resolved to go back.

He found his mother and father as anxious to see him as he was to see home. Among the first remarks that his father made was, "Well, Reg, you did come back! And you are employment manager for a chain restaurant?"

"Yes, Dad, but you were right. I never really did anything, nor enjoyed life until I realized that Nora was holding me down."

"Geakem."



Put all your lessons on the old desk-top,
And cram all night,
Sink all your visions of the next June hop,
And cram till you're a sight.
What's the use of worrying?
'Cause you can always cram!
So, put all your lessons on the old desk-top,
And cram for the June exam.

BECKEL DID IT

If your sheets are wet with ink,
And the ceiling's red o'erhead,
If the walls are painted pink,
And there's thumb tacks in your bed,
If the ash-can rolls downstairs
With a brace of ancient chairs,
You can kneel and say your prayers,
Beckel did it!

If the light breaks in the hall
And you hear a fearsome noise,
If you hear the teachers call
"Won't you please be quiet, boys?"
If you creep in 'neath the sheet
And you place your dainty feet
On a heap of coal and peat,
Beckel did it!

If this college should catch fire,
And he went to realms above,
If he jazzed it on a lyre,
As he sang sweet songs of love,
It would make St. Peter thinner
As he gobbled down his dinner,
Just to hear the way that sinner—
Beckel did it!

J. K.

TO "ONE" OF GRADE XI's GENII

This monstrous brain (for such he seems)
Was born in Montreal,
His head with wondrous knowledge teems,
Nor neither is that all.
Perfect in form and figure
Endowed with grace divine,
His head, if it were bigger,
Would be as large as nine.
Now when this genius dies
His brain they will dissect,
Placed on a golden salver
For the public to inspect.
People will loudly murmur
And just as softly shriek,
"Ah, what tales that brain could tell
If it could only speak."

J. Kinnon.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE CADET CORPS

S. W. C. Cadet Corps, No. 256, carried on quite successfully during the present year with a membership of 54.

We organized three platoons in the fall and continued during the year under that organization. The Cadet Lieutenants were: Messrs. Ivor Thomas, Kelso Johnston, Malcolm Mowle and Scott Kneeland. Lieut. Blier acted as Sergeant-Major and the sergeants were: Messrs. Malcolm Standish, Kenneth Johnson and Gregory Hulin.

Considerable time was put in on the rifle range where knowledge of the correct method of firing was imparted and practiced successfully. A friendly competition was shot off with Sherbrooke High School which added to the interest of this feature of the work.

Physical Training had its share of time and the class carried out their movements with snap and vim.

Looking backward over the year, I feel that we have been fairly successful and have accomplished something really worth while by teaching our boys coordination of movement and the rudiments of discipline thereby helping them for manhood's activities.

L. G. McGilton.

DIARY OF———YEAR 2031, MONTREAL.

Tuesday, 14th Sol.

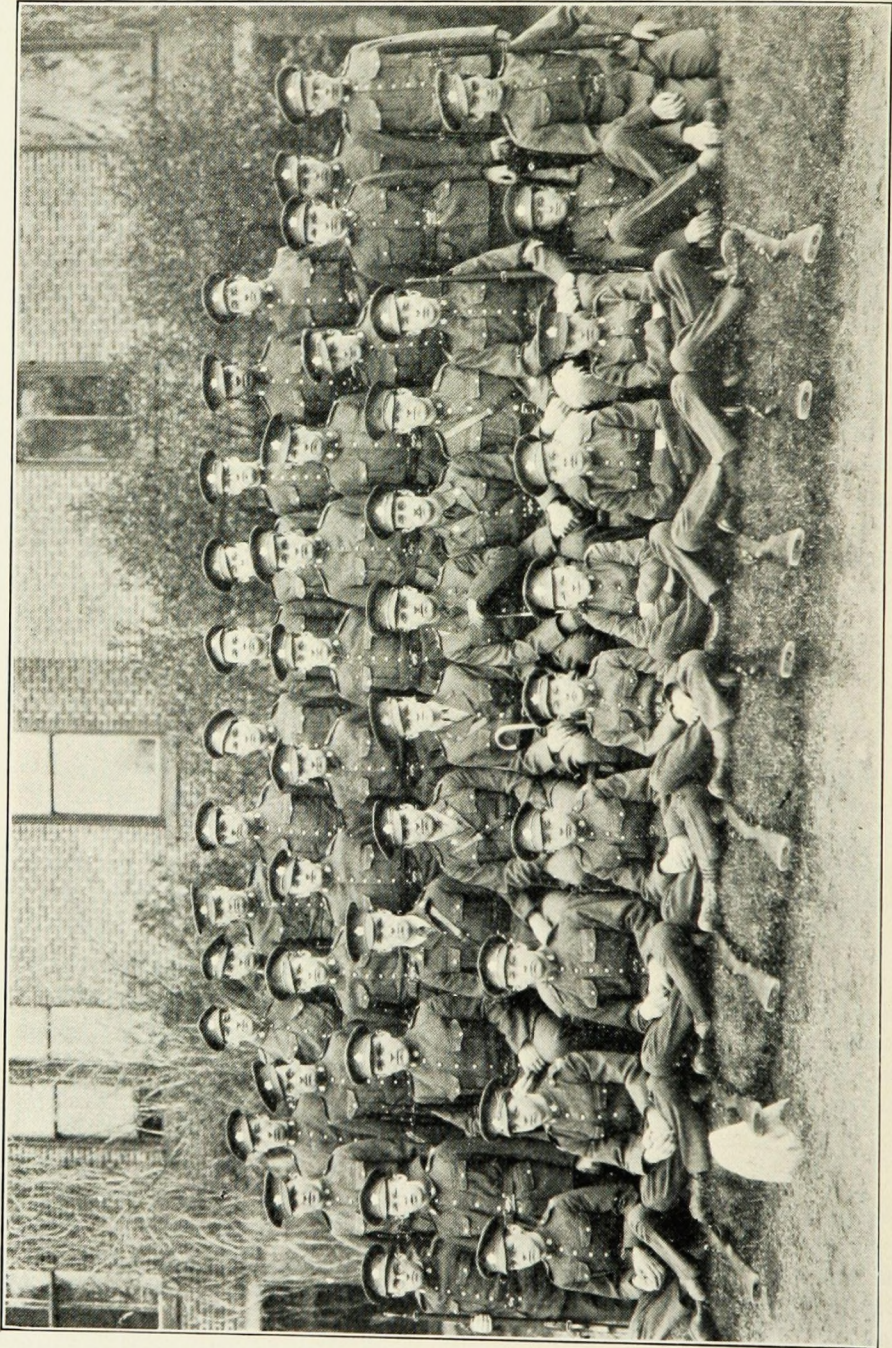
Got up, my pill of grapefruit, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee tasted exceptionally good. Dressed and went to the roof where my Schuylerite plane was waiting. Hopped over to Yokohama and had my lesson in Chinese. Came home for luncheon. (Note—my supply of variety luncheon pills is giving out.) Then studied the ancient language of Slang. Between that and Chinese I'll never get my matric!

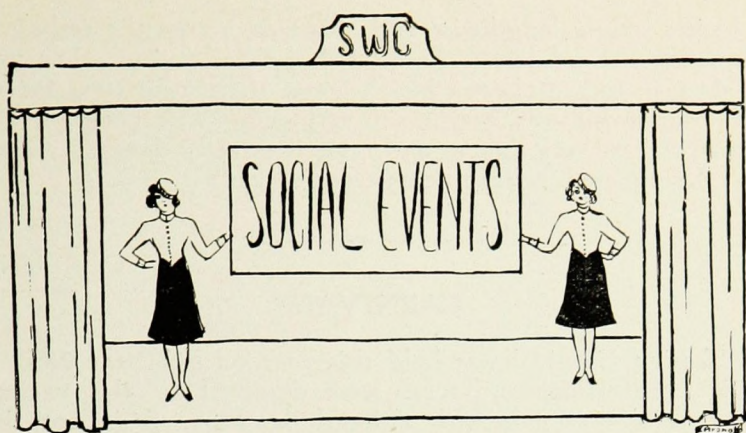
Wednesday, 15th Sol.

By mistake, I met the nicest boy over the television this morning. Said he'd call for me to take me out to dinner. Came in the cutest little motley'd coloured plane. We had dinner in Paris. By the way, passed over the battlefields of the Great War that I studied about in Ancient History today.

Thursday, 16th Sol.

Some people are lucky. Evelyn and her people are wintering in Mars. They leave tomorrow, and tonight I've just come from their farewell party. Of course, as is the custom, they gave it on the airship they are traveling in. Had a letter today from Marion. She seems to like the University of Stanstead very much. She expects to graduate in hieroglyphics next June. I must get some sleep 'cause tomorrow Jack and I are going to the North Pole to watch a hockey game. Good night, diary.





FIRST PROM

The evening of September 19th saw the first social event of the year when the old students entertained the new students at the "First Prom." Here old friendships were renewed and new ones made. The reception rooms were made to look very cosy with the aid of cushions, lamps and bouquets of fall flowers. The program consisted of promenades, a vocal solo, a piano solo, a reading and a violin duet given by old students, after which refreshments were served. When our pianist went to the piano and played a repertoire of popular songs, everyone joined in heartily and felt more at home. The evening came to an end with the singing of the National Anthems.

JAMBOREE

The annual College Jamboree was held in the gym on November 1st. The gym was decorated in the college colors, red and white. The candy and novelty booths were well patronized as was the ever popular fish pond. The tea room was screened off from the rest of the gym by evergreen trees; here dainty refreshments were served all during the course of the evening. The program consisted of several games, dances and stunts. The prize for the girls was won by Millicent Brennan and Kay Morrill; the boys' prize was won by Scott Kneeland.

A joyous crowd of young people gathered in the reception rooms on January 31st after our team had won their hockey game against Butterfield's. Hot coffee, sandwiches and cake were served. Then everyone joined in a sing-song and so another pleasant social evening came to a close.

The Valentine dance was one of the most enjoyed events of the year. The gym was decorated with red and white streamers and with

rows of hearts strung lengthwise and crosswise across the ceiling. Banners, gay cushions and lamps completed the decoration scheme.

Ray de Gruchy's orchestra kindly gave of their services for the evening and their music was very much enjoyed. The program consisted of fox trots, waltzes, tag dances and several novelty dances. During the course of the evening refreshments were served.

CARNIVAL

The Skating Carnival was held this year on February 28th. Many nationalities, professions and types were depicted by the various costumes. The rink was gala with colored lanterns, flags and bunting. After the grand march the prizes were awarded. These fell to Evelyn Smith and Eileen Duff who were dressed as Irish Colleens, and the one for the boys to Glen Brown who was in the costume of a cadet. Mr. Mowle and Janet Brown won the prizes for the best skating.

ST. PAT'S TEA

"The Top o' the Mornin' to Ye!" St. Pat's tea was held in the college parlors on Saturday, March 14th, from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. Two Irish Colleens took the tickets at the door and the visitors went on into the reception rooms where a real atmosphere of "Auld Ireland" pervaded. Charming little tea tables were laid for two or four. Vases of spring flowers brought their share of cheer. Town visitors, staff and students attended and made the affair a success socially and financially.

ACADEMY CONSERVATORY PROM

Although the Academy-Conservatory prom was a little late in the season, it was one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

Guests were received by Miss McFadzen and Mr. Gordon who represented the staff and also by Miss Morrill and Mr. Falls, students in the Academy. The hall had been transformed! A false ceiling of green and gold, evergreens, shaded lamps, comfortable settees and bright cushions made the hall a scene of loveliness.

The program consisted of several proms and dances. During one of these dances colored balloons came floating down adding to the colorfulness of the scene. The various numbers given by the students of the Conservatory were excellent.

The senior orchestra furnished enjoyable music for the evening. Refreshments of coffee, sandwiches, and ice cream and cake were daintily served. The evening came to a close with the singing of the National Anthems.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Promenade. | 7. Promenade. |
| 2. Promenade. | 8. Waltz. |
| 3. Address of welcome, Mr. Martin. Response by Mr. McFadyen. | 9. Promenade. |
| 4. Piano solo, Marjorie Woodward. | 10. Refreshments. |
| 5. Vocal solo, Elma Martin. | 11. Waltz. |
| 6. Violin quartette, Jean Tarlton, Peggy Lamb, Thos. Johnson, Donald Poaps. | 12. Promenade. |
| | 13. Waltz. |
| | 14. Piano solo, Millicent Brennan. |
| | 15. Reading, Muriel Aranoff. |
| | 16. Promenade. |
- National Anthems.

We wish to thank Mr. Ivor Thomas and Miss Alice Watson who have so kindly furnished the music for our social evenings.

After one of the basketball games Mrs. Clark very kindly entertained the team at tea.

Wolfe: Men of my type are not running loose.

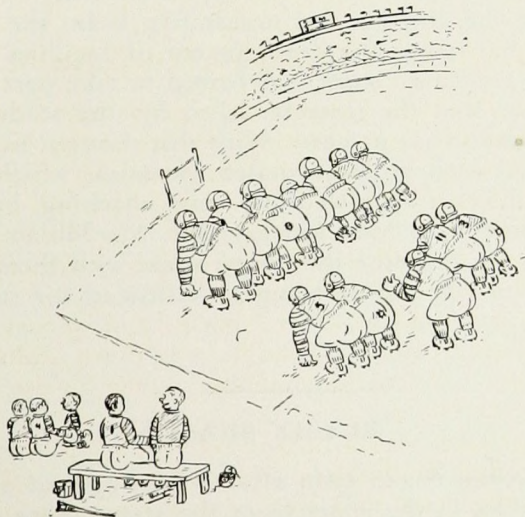
Alice: Of course not, that is what the police department is for.

Flossie: Hey Bill! What time is it?

Willy Falls: How did you know my name was Bill?

Flossie: Oh, I guessed it!

Willy: All right, then guess the time.





SPORTS INTRODUCTION

Sports as usual played a large part in the school life this year. These are necessary not only because of the exercise they give, but good clean fun should enter into the building of everyone's character, and surely character building is what our schools are for.

At Stanstead the aim has not necessarily been the building of a champion team, but more the development of facilities for sport for every pupil. Of course no student is forced to take part in sports but it necessarily follows that the interest taken by the students themselves decides the outcome of all games. With this thought in mind a greater interest is expected each year and more victories, which will naturally follow. The students always welcome any coaching by their teachers and are very grateful to Miss Murray, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hackett for the time they have spent with them and all others who have helped in any way to bring to Stanstead the successes she has attained.

W. K. F.

RUGBY SEASON

The rugby season began soon after school opened and a great deal of interest was taken in the sport from the start, there often being as many as twenty-five at practice. In this number there were nine men



from last year's team but among the new comers there was only Armitage who had had any experience.

The season was not a success as far as the winning of games went, for out of six games we won only one. However, if the team was to play together again next year, it is certain that the record for next year's magazine would be more boastful.

The season opened with S. H. S. coming to S. W. C. This game was the visitors' with a heavy score of 25 to 0. It served to wake us to the fact that although we had a heavy team, it was made up of inexperienced players. In the return game S. H. S. did not have such an easy time, winning with a score of 4 to 1. This game was lost by hard luck, in the last quarter "Happy" Hulin, our quarter, catching a wild pass meant for Ross of Sherbrooke, ran about eighty yards but stumbled and before he could recover was held by the S. H. S. Losing our big chance we lost the game. Next we journeyed to B. C. S. where we were beaten by them, 15 to 5. In turn, they came to Stanstead where they won again, 17 to 5. In this game Bready was the outstanding man on the home team. The next game was with Bishops University Freshmen, played on our field. The game was the visitors' from the start, mainly because of the "Big Four" belonging to the University Seniors, when the final whistle blew the score was 20 to 5. Later on in the season a game was arranged with the town, this game went in our favour from the start and we won with a score of 22 to 0. We were also represented by a second team. This team was very successful in the only game it played, defeating Lennoxville High School, 25 to 0. The Bugbee versus Academy games again proved very interesting and were keenly contested at all times.

Line: Kneeland, Blier, Noble, Johnston, Mowle, LeBreton. Backfield: Swallow, Morris, Hulin, Bready, Farley (Capt.). Subs.: Brown, Miller, Thomas, Standish, Coombs.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season opened this year with more enthusiasm than the preceding years. There were more girls interested in the game and were anxiously awaiting the opening of the season. Our first game was played on January 19th in the College Gym against Derby Academy. This was our first victory and was certainly encouraging with a score of 38-7. Our next game was played away from home against Newport High School. The game ended with a score of 24-8, in Newport's favor. In this game the girls found great difficulty due to very strict refereeing and the loss of our center for the last half of the game. On the 7th of February we played our return game with Newport at S. W. C. This game was very fast and exciting and finally ended in the close score of 15-14 for Newport. The next game was played in Sherbrooke. In this game we played half boys' rules and half girls'. Strange to say, although our team usually plays boys' rules, it made a better showing at girls' rules. The home team, however, proved slightly better and won, 39-26. April 18th brought Sherbrooke here for the return game. The game

was fast and interesting, with moments when each team seemed to do an extraordinary amount of scoring. And so the last game of the season ended 49-26 for S. H. S.

We would like to thank Mr. Falls for taking Mr. Flanders's place as coach at such short notice. The team was as follows:

Bunty Greenbank, Captain, forward; Kay Morrill, forward; Millicent Brennan, center; Isobel Morrill, guard; Helen Laing, guard. Subs: Edith Belyea, Bechy Toulch and Janet Brown, forwards; Rita Baker, guard.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Another season of basketball at Stanstead College has passed into history. We had a very successful year and broke even, in our games, winning 5 and losing 5. We played with some fellows going under the name of Newport, and were victorious by the close score of 21-19. Our next game was played in Sherbrooke, and we gave the Sherbrooke High School a close game, which they won by a score of 30-23. It was the best exhibition we put up this year and was enjoyed by all the S. W. C. players as it was fast and clean. Our last game of the season was with a team composed of young men from the town. There was unintentional roughness at times as many of the town players had not played this season. The town started out at a fast clip and held the lead until the last minutes of play, when the College rallied and forged ahead to win the game by a close score of 27-26. The season was enjoyed by all the players and it is felt that a spirit was created among them and their opponents.

Mr. Hackett, our able manager, accompanied us on all our out-of-town trips, and was present at all our home games.

The team was as follows: Forward, K. Flanders; sub., J. LeBreton; forward, W. Swallow; center, H. Morris; defense, W. Falls; sub., M. Standish; defense, K. Johnston; sub., T. Bready.

HOCKEY—1930-31

During the last two years the S. W. C. hockey team has risen from the Junior to the Intermediate class. The fine gate receipts were ample evidence of the popularity of the team and the training was of much benefit from the standpoint of physical, mental and moral discipline.

Last year (1929-30) the team was one of four which composed the newly formed Border Hockey League. During this season we again entered the league. The first year we came within one point of winning the cup, this year we came even closer, we tied for first place but lost the play-off to the Tigers of Rock Island.

It is not the easiest thing to make a good team of the intermediate class at S. W. C. We might have entered a championship team in the Junior League, but it would have involved more expense and would have excluded three or four of our best players. There was plenty of

young material from which to pick a team but they lacked the required experience, nevertheless they did their best and before the season was over made the rest of the teams take notice of them.

Much credit must be given to the playing-coach, Mr. McMillan. When one realizes that practically their first practice together was a league game, one can easily see what the coach had ahead of him. With seven new players on the team, it naturally took time to get them straightened around. After losing the first three games things looked very bad, but the coach by that time having every man in his right position, they then became invulnerable. The remaining games were won by the College and they tied for first place; they were all set for the play-off game. Of course they did not count on possible accidents. The first period was



S. W. S. HOCKEY TEAM, 1930-31

scarcely under way when Mr. McMillan seriously injured his knee and had to leave the ice for the remainder of the game. This handicap greatly disorganized the team-work but the remainder of the team put up a great fight and had as much of the play as their opponents, but luck had turned against them and they did not get the "breaks." There has not been as much interest taken in hockey in the Three Villages for a number of years. Anyone that was inside the rink during one of the games could see how high the interest really was, with more than seven hundred fans shouting for their favorite teams. The College team received wonderful support from outside and they wish to take this opportunity of thanking those enthusiastic supporters.

It is hoped that hockey as a sport will continue to pay its own way,

as it has done in the past two years, and remain as an asset as it has been in every way to S. W. C.

The team was unfortunate in getting exhibition games during the Christmas holidays. Near the end of the season they played an exhibition game at Lennoxville against Bishops University's second team. Being accustomed to contest with men who used rougher tactics, they found it a great pleasure to face a team which played clean, open hockey, S. W. C. winning by a score of 4 to 2.

They were somewhat disappointed in the Old Boys' game. Only part of their team showed up and the balance had to be made up from local Old Boys. The ice was in poor condition and the game was rather slow, and ended in a draw after two or three overtime periods.

The score of the league games was as follows:

College	2	Butterfields	3
College	1	Tigers	2
College	0	Black Hawks	2
Butterfields	1	College	2
Tigers	1	College	2
Black Hawks	4	College	5
College	2	Black Hawks	1
College	1	Tigers	2

Exhibition games:

S. W. C.	4	U. B. C. Juniors	2
S. W. C.	2	Old Boys	2

During the season the boys showed very good team-work. They were well coached under G. K. McMillan, and well managed by J. D. Campbell.

Line up: Goal, Brown; defense, Kneeland, DeGruchy; forwards, McMillan, Mowle, Farley, Crisp, Armitage, Blier, Champoux, Bissonnette.

The Second Team was well organized and played quite a number of exhibition games with local junior teams. In this group there are some coming stars such as "Slim" Russell and "Ted" Bissonnette.

BASEBALL

Soft-ball took the place of the accustomed hard-ball, this year. This substitution was very good because all the boys were included in the game, instead of the usual nine players only.

A league was drawn up and the games were played off very satisfactorily; the results of those games will appear in the supplement of the magazine.

It really is seldom, if ever,
That people behave as they should,
The good are so harsh to the clever,
And the clever so rude to the good.

RETROSPECT

Year by year students come and go like an everlasting wheel, coming in—going out, continually, either consciously or unconsciously making history. Stanstead will soon be on the verge of its 60th year. What is more fitting than that we should learn something of its biography?

In 1829 a school was formed by the early settlers and was called Stanstead Academy. In the year 1872 a board of directors was formed from an incorporated association with a charter from Quebec Legislature. On May 14, C. W. Pierce gave to this board the land upon which the college now stands. The building took some time to be erected. Teaching began in 1873.

One might talk about the good old days when the fees were \$3.00 a week for board, and \$20.00 a year for the Collegiate course, but what this led to can easily be seen, when we find the college almost forced into liquidation in 1879 through lack of funds. This afore-mentioned company, through lack of capital, could not keep up the good work they had so well begun, and on December 14, 1876, a legal transfer was made out to the Wesleyan church.

In 1894 Mrs. Pierce gave Sunnyside to the college. Since that date this building has been used several times for a residence for senior girls. When the college carried a course in domestic science these classes were held over there. The building has fallen into decay but owing to the great expense that would be incurred by repairs, nothing can be done at present.

The year 1896 saw a decided improvement in financial conditions. Through the efforts of Rev. Lee Holmes, floating debts were paid off and Hart Massey bequeathed to the college \$10,000.00.

In 1899 Dr. Bugbee gave the building familiarly known as the "White House." Bugbee building was formerly the residence of the Knight family who lived up the Plain, but it was moved across the fields to its present site. In 1905 this building was made into the Business College.

During the period of Dr. Flanders' regime, 1900-1905, the Conservatory, the gymnasium, the model school and the hospital were built. The "Heart" was planned and formed during this period also. In 1912 fire escapes were installed; one running from the boys' third flat to the ground and the other from the girls' second flat; both tubes are made of asbestos, and by means of them the whole building can be cleared in three minutes. In 1919 a charming little cottage was built on the back campus for the principal's use. In the year of '21, in one of the rooms above Bugbee Business College a chemical laboratory was formed which has been in constant use ever since.

When war was declared some 300 Stanstead students enlisted, 31 of whom were killed in action. A good many of these were trained right here in the college, under the direction of Mr. Irving, who was then a teacher here. These boys went over under the name of the Stanstead Signalling Corps.

The first principal was Rev. A. Lee Holmes, B. A. Aid was readily

given him by Mr. Hansford, Moral Governor of the college. The first student to register under his regime was Alfred Lawrence. The largest registration ever experienced was in 1919 when there were enrolled as boarders 69 girls and 102 boys.

Among the teachers who used to be here are Miss Ethelwyn Pitcher, who was one of the cleverest English and Math. teachers Stanstead has ever had and who is now teaching at Netherwood. Mr. Bud Trueman, who was one time English teacher, is now a professor at Mt. Allison. Dr. George Trueman, who for many years ably served Stanstead as principal, is now president of Mt. Allison University.

Among the many students who have gone forth from Stanstead are Duncan Campbell Scott, the well known poet; Eugene Cowles, who has won fame as a soloist; Ray Weagant, who is mentioned in a list of the twelve cleverest men in connection with wireless; Dr. F. O. Call, professor at Bishops, who has lately published a book, "The Spell of French Canada;" The Rt. Hon. Frank Carrel, who is now editor of the Quebec Daily Telegraph; Wm. Beacon, who has for many years held the highest literary honor possible in Canada, that of Literary Critic for the Toronto Saturday night, is now literary critic out West; Errol Amaron, who graduated from Stanstead, is now coming back as principal.

Sixty years from now what will people be able to write of the history we are making? Let us hope it will be as much to our credit as the present history is to former students and let us hope that Stanstead will continue to progress in the future as she has done in the past.

POPULAR SONGS AND WHEN TO SING THEM:

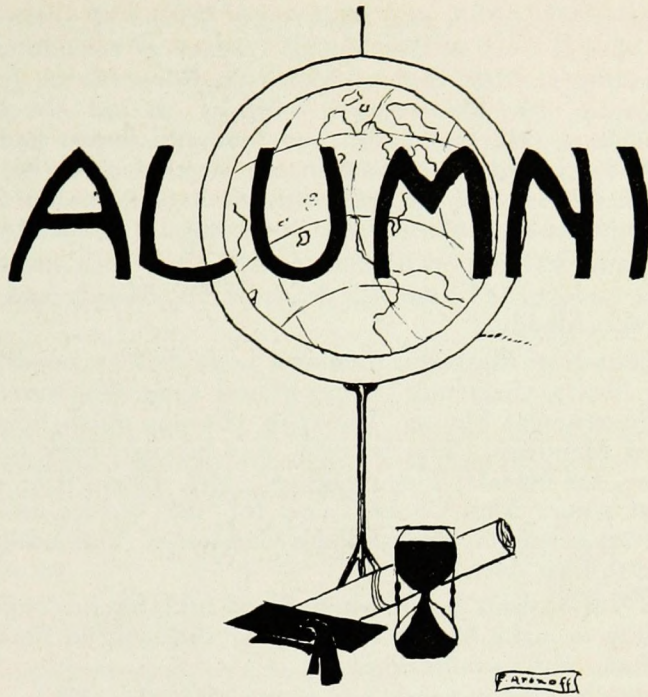
1. After being reprimanded in class—"Ain't Misbehavin'."
2. When told to write out lines—"Mean to Me."
3. Getting up in the morning to study—"Here Comes the Sun."
4. When the teacher gets angry—"You're Driving Me Crazy."
5. After being kept in—"The Prisoners' Song."
6. After passing a stiff exam—"I Offer You Congratulations."
7. After being gated—"All that I'm Asking Is Sympathy."
8. After failing in an exam—"Am I Blue!"
9. When exams are over—"Happy Days Are Here Again."
10. At graduation—"Memories."

A. W.

Eileen: Why, Miss Murray, anyone with an ounce of common sense would know that.

Miss Murray (quite innocently): Well, how did you happen to know, then?

Duffy (to Jimmy throwing snowballs): Oh, Jimmy, don't.
 Parker: His name's not Jimmy don't, it's Jimmy Kinnon.



STANSTEAD COLLEGE ALUMNI NOTES

The Alumni banquet of 1930 was held Saturday, June 7, in Centenary Church Hall which was literally banked with flowers, thanks to the good taste and cheerful co-operation of Mrs. Lamb. The president, Mr. J. F. Montle, was chairman. Mr. D. W. Davis, in his "Welcome to Our Guest," made a speech full of wit and reminiscences. Dr. C. W. Colby, the special guest and principal speaker, chose "Books" as his subject, which was most appropriate as he is a great lover of books and also an author and most interested in the library being established to his brother's memory. He told of some of the many large libraries he had visited and also of his special library of first editions which he is collecting. He thought that a library such as we are planning would be most useful. "A Message to Our Graduates," was given by Dr. Mick, at the request of Dr. Moody. He urged breadth of vision and tolerance.

Mrs. Aikens moved a vote of thanks to all who had assisted with the music, Misses Heath, Noble, Hatton and Henley; with the decorations, Mrs. Lamb; and with the banquet, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Maria Jenkins and Miss Flint.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, H. S. Bean; vice-president, K. I. Curtis; secretary-treasurer, Miss Mary Flint; executive committee, Col. B. B. Morrill, Stanstead; T. J. Montle, Sherbrooke; E. S. Beerworth, Montreal; Mrs. Robert Hall, Richmond; Mrs. Morgan, Knowlton; and Mr. Gordon Pfeiffer, Quebec. Library committee (for selection of books), Dr. Colby, Miss J. M. Colby, Dr. T.

B. Moody, Miss Mary Flint and Miss Annie Warne of Ottawa, with Dr. Lomer and Miss E. Hall of the McGill Library as consulting members. Banquet committee, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh, Mrs. Maria Jenkins and Mrs. Ruth Lamb. Mr. Montle gave a report on the Dr. John Colby Memorial Library. He stated that one thousand letters had been sent out and \$1,008 received. Votes of thanks were given to Mr. Wood of the Sherbrooke Record and the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Sherbrooke, who assisted Mr. Montle in getting out the letters.

The Alumni Association of Stanstead College wish to express their sorrow at the sudden and untimely death of Dr. Moody and their sympathy with Mrs. Moody.

One of our most illustrious alumnae, Lady Aikens, nee Mary Colby, after a long illness, cheerfully borne, passed away this winter. As the hostess of Government House, Winnipeg, she was much beloved by all the women of Manitoba. Her remains were brought back to Stanstead, her old home, for burial. Her daughter, Mrs. Fred Ney, and Major Ney and her sister, Mrs. Cooke, came for the service in Centenary Church and interment in Crystal Lake Cemetery. Her other daughter had returned to East Africa.

Corinne Vessot, who is still remembered here for her happy disposition and ability to make friends, died rather suddenly in February. She leaves a husband and one little boy.

At the McGill Convocation last spring, Miss Lea Tanner, a former French teacher and now our popular inspector of French for the Province, received the degree of M. A. on which honor so valiantly worked for and so well deserved, we wish to congratulate her. Her twin brother, Mr. Henry Tanner, is head of the Technical School in Montreal.

Miss Jessie Colby and Mrs. Aikens with their mother, Mrs. C. C. Colby, spent the winter in Jamaica and are returning the first of June.

Mrs. Sidney Stevens and Miss Colby, last autumn, went to Winnipeg to visit Lady Aikens and Mrs. (Dr.) C. R. Flanders.

Miss Winona Pitcher, an old student and French and German teacher in Dr. Flanders' time, visited Stanstead last summer. She is with her sister, Miss Ethelwin Pitcher, at Rothesay, N. B.

Mrs. H. F. Byers, nee Marion Tabor, who took first year arts here thirty years ago, while visiting her friend, Mrs. Fred Rugg, nee Carrie Hovey, also of that year, motored with Mr. and Mrs. Rugg to Stanstead to visit friends and drove around the college as Mrs. Byers had not seen it since she left. Mrs. Byers organized the University Women's Club of Montreal on Peel street and has been its president ever since it opened.

Fred Rugg is a K. C. and successful lawyer of Sherbrooke. Mr. and Mrs. Rugg have just returned from a trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. George MacDonald, nee Mary Hitchcock, of the same class as Mrs. Byers and Mrs. Rugg, was this year's president of the McGill Alumnae. Our sympathy is extended to her on account of the death of her mother in March.

In the death of the Hon. George Foster of Knowlton and Montreal the College has lost a friend who contributed generously to the Memorial Library. Mr. Edson Place, who was the speaker at an alumni banquet

a few years ago, is now the senior partner of the law firm formerly known as Foster, Place, Hackett, Mulvena, Hackett and Foster.

Among the many splendid books that have been given the Dr. John Colby Memorial Library, special mention should be made of the valuable set of "Source Records of the World War" in beautiful and rare bindings presented by Mr. Eugene Cowles. Also a large collection of well bound and useful books given from the estate of the late Alfred Thomas by his brother, Charles. Miss Beck and Miss Butters have given a set of special charm. Dr. F. O. Call has just sent his "Spell of Acadia."

Miss Elsie McIntosh, after spending some months at her home, has returned to Japan to continue her Y. W. C. A. work in which she is so much interested. Her sister, Miss Jean McIntosh, intends taking the trip to Japan next year to visit her.

Leyland Adams, M. D., after taking three years as an interne, at the Montreal General Hospital, has gone to Boston to continue his practical and research work in a hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Findlay stopped at the College on May 18, to see Mr. Martin. Mr. Findlay took Arts here in 1902. He was motoring from Allentown, Penn., where he is in the electrical business, to Danville, Quebec, to visit his mother.

David Monsier has been in the Sun Life since he graduated at the University of Manitoba and now has a very responsible position and has taken several trips to New York in connection with the construction of the new building. He has now taken the last examination for the actuarial degree in Canada.

There is a dear little lady, Mrs. Charles Nutting, living in Waterloo, Quebec, who came to Stanstead as Miss Elizabeth Haskell and taught music, mental philosophy, rhetoric and composition for the first six months after the College opened in 1873. She is an aunt of Mrs. Geo. Shearer, nee Mary Ballard, a great-aunt of David Monsier. She would still be able to conduct a class on current events.

Mrs. Louis Schwab, nee Margaret Buchanan, is returning to Montreal to live since the death of her husband.

The Misses Mary and Dorothy Flint took a motor trip around Lake St. John and the Gaspé Peninsula.

Campbell Amaron was ill earlier in the year but is now much better and has returned to his teaching in the Quebec High School where he is highly esteemed for his good work in French.

Miss Ellison Tilton has returned from British Columbia where she spent a year and is teaching in Sherbrooke High School.

Mrs. J. M. Holding is now living with her son, Harry, in Vancouver. She writes that she is enjoying the change but misses her many old friends in and around the College.

In the May issue of the Canadian Geographic Journal the leading article, "Toronto," is by William Arthur Deacon. Also in the "Year Book of the Arts in Canada," 1928-29, he wrote the article, "Literature

in Canada." He has generously offered some valuable books for the Memorial Library.

The Rev. Mr. MacKenzie, principal of the College for two years, is still preaching in Regina, Sask., and is coming east this summer. His daughter, Catherine Jean, is a student in the Arts Course at McGill and her sister, Mary, spent this year at the River Bend School, Winnipeg, given by Sir James Aikens.

The Rev. Mr. Charles Clarke, who was at the College four years during Dr. Flanders' time, was married May 21st to Miss Ruth Knight. He is a Church of England Clergyman at Belleville, Ont.

Leyland Buckland holds the position of toll fundamental engineer with the Bell Telephone Co. of Montreal.

The Misses Winona and Ruth Pomeroy went West last autumn to visit their brothers, George and Ralph Pomeroy. Ruth returned to Montreal to take a course as Trained Attendant and is now doing practical work at the College. Winona expects to motor with her brother, George, of Kincade, to Banff and other points of interest before she returns.

Arthur Elbert Curtis has been in the employ of the Shawinigan Co. since he graduated at McGill. He underwent an operation for appendicitis recently at the Montreal General Hospital. He has now quite recovered and returned to work.

Miss Florence Robb has a fine class in violin and large orchestra at her home in New Glasgow, N. S.

Word has been received at the College that Mrs. (Dr.) Cunningham, nee Beth Senberger, of Malone, N. Y., has a son.

The former president of the Alumni, Mr. J. F. Montle, was moved last year to Sherbrooke and has now been transferred to the head office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Montreal.

Fulsom Manning has gone from the Head Office, Montreal, to Howick, Que., as the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce there.

Alan Jones has a very good position in the statistical department of Jenks, Gwynn & Co., Montreal.

Miss Phyllis Lathe is taking the course in Physical Education at McGill. She is a graduate in dramatics and took a leading part in the play, "A Beggar on Horseback," given by the McGill University Players Club, in which she distinguished herself. She also took part in the Red and White Revue as did Gerald and Gwendolin Halpenny.

Molly Bissonnet is graduating this year from McGill. She had the honour of being elected house president of the Royal Victoria College which position was held last year by Eleanor O'Halloran.

Harriet Colby is finishing a two years' course in dramatics at the Bennet School, Milbrooke, N. Y.

Johanna Dasen will graduate with the June class at the Homeopathic Hospital, Montreal, but has some time to make up owing to illness.

Victoria Callis is secretary for the Bishop of Quebec.

Meredith Hastings has just received the degree of B. Sc. at Queens University, Kingston. While there he was a very popular student and distinguished himself as a wrestler. Donald Farnsworth also received the B. Sc. degree. Other students at Queens are Wilfred Charland, Stanley Stewart and William Soles.

Ronald Reed is with Lyman's Ltd. and is giving good satisfaction.

Beth Scott is in charge of the office of Scott Bros. of Scotstown and occasionally visits the College.

Harman Andrews has recently become the proud father of a young son.

Frank Wilson is meeting with success in the insurance business in Montreal.

George Crittenden and his wife, nee Gladys Griffin, have a family of one little girl and comfortable home in Outremont.

Mary MacIntyre is graduating from the Royal Victoria Hospital in a few months.

Adelaide Hutton is considering returning to the S. W. C. next year.

Percy Hyman was married last year. He is living in Gaspé and engaged in a prosperous business.

Henry Stockwell is at Kenogami with the Price Bros.

Metis is the home of the Astle family, many of whom came to the College. Some have taken up professions and moved away but the larger number are still at Metis. If any of the alumni are taking the Gaspé trip, they are assured of a most hospitable welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astle at Metis Lodge, a new and attractive hotel with a lovely view.

The Alumni are pleased to welcome Mr. Errol Amaron as the new principal of the College. He was deservedly popular both as a student and as a teacher and has the added lustre of a fine war record.

Harold Sharpe is learning the lithographing business with his father in Montreal.

Miss Thelma Price is working as stenographer in an office in Sherbrooke.

Stuart Dunbar is working with his father in business in Sherbrooke.

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT

"Button up your overcoat, Jack, here comes 'Sweet Jenny Lee.'"

"Say Jack, we're going to make a 'Peach of a Pair.'"

"Hello Baby," I was just about to tell Jack he had better hurry up and offer us 'Congratulations.'"

"You know, 'Honey,' we'd better 'Go Home and Tell Your Mother.'"

Autograph



W. A. W.

